

# The Chicago Jewish

# FORUM

*A National Quarterly*

OHIO STATE  
UNIVERSITY

SEP 16 1968

LIBRARY

## *In This Issue . . .*

### ARTICLES

American Policy in the Middle East ★ The American Woman.  
Justice Warren and the Constitution ★ The Kid's Graduation and  
Mine ★ The Cremation of the Strasbourg Jewry ★ Papal Protection  
of the Jews ★ The Fighting Kadimah ★ The Holmes Family and the  
Jews ★ Abraham Walkowitz and American Art ★ Social Patterns  
of an American Group ★ Sticks and Stones ★ Notes on Northwest  
Jewry.

### CONTRIBUTORS

Alfred C. Ames ★ Alfred Apsler ★ Leonard Baskin ★ Werner J. Cahnman ★ Ira Eisenstein.  
Jacob Epstein ★ Maxine W. Gordon ★ Martin Hall ★ Ariel El-Hanani ★ John E. Harr.  
Leo Heiman ★ Edith Hellman ★ Neil D. Isaacs ★ Oscar Kraines ★ Leonard L. Leon ★ Leo A.  
Lerner ★ Alex Miller ★ John M. Mirkin ★ Ashley Montagu ★ Raphael Patai ★ Murray  
Polner ★ George Ross Ridge ★ Lionel Ruby ★ Allen D. Schwartz ★ Maurice M.  
Shudofsky ★ Sarah Singer ★ A. James Taylor ★ Paul H. Vishny ★ Ruth Vodicka ★ Faye  
Chilcote Walker ★ Abraham Walkowitz ★ Harry E. Wedeck ★ Alfred Werner.

**Subscription: \$5.00 per year**

ART ★ BOOK REVIEWS ★

*In forthcoming issues of*

## THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM



### **Washington Notes**

-

**Murray Frank**

A review of the legislation of the 85th Congress affecting civil rights, immigration, and the status of minorities in the United States.

### **Nileh**

-

**Chaim Grade**

A profoundly touching story of the return of a native to the ruins of the city of Vilna after the Nazi holocaust.

### **The State of Israel Literature**

-

**Leo Heiman**

An up to date report on the creative writers who produce the Hebrew belles-lettres in Israel and a review of their work.

### **West Coast Letter**

-

**Martin Hall**

Notes on minority problems and the state of civil liberties in several cities on the West Coast.

### **Books on the Dead Sea Scrolls**

-

**Norton Mezvinsky**

A critique and an evaluation of contemporary literature dealing with the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

### **From Sages, Chroniclers, and Scribes:**

The new department of The Chicago Jewish Forum will feature an article by Gustav Karpeles, historian and editor, on the rabbinical attitude toward the theatre, the drama, and the Jewish stage of the Middle Ages.

# THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

*A National Quarterly*

VOLUME 17, No. 1

FALL, 1958

## *Contents*

AMERICAN POLICY IN THE MIDDLE EAST - - - -	John E. Harr	1
THE AMERICAN WOMAN - - - - -	Ashley Montagu	6
THE HYDROGEN MAN — Woodcut - - - - -	Leonard Baskin	9
JUSTICE WARREN AND THE CONSTITUTION - -	Leonard L. Leon	10
THE BLIGHTED SHEAF — A Poem - - - - -	Sarah Singer	14
THE KID'S GRADUATION AND MINE — A Short Story -	Alex Miller	15
MARTYR — Sculpture - - - - -	Ruth Vodicka	19
THE SCHOLAR, WORKER AND TILLER OF THE SOIL — Sculpture - - - - -	Ariel El-Hanani	20
FROM SAGES, CHRONICLERS, AND SCRIBES:		
THE CREMATION OF THE STRASBOURG JEWRY	Jacob Von Konigshofen	21
PAPAL PROTECTION OF THE JEWS - - - - -	Pope Gregory X	22
THE FIGHTING KADIMAH - - - - -	Werner J. Cahnman	24
THE HOLMES FAMILY AND THE JEWS - - - - -	Oscar Kraines	28
THE TORAH BEARER; THE WANDERER — Pen and Ink Drawings - - - - -	Abraham Walkowitz	34
ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ AND AMERICAN ART - - -	Alfred Werner	35
UNDER THE GEORGIA SUN — A Poem - - - -	George Ross Ridge	39
SOCIAL PATTERNS OF AN AMERICAN GROUP - -	Paul H. Vishny	40
SUPPLICATION — Painting - - - - -	Edith Hellman	43
STICKS AND STONES — A Short Story - - -	A. James Taylor	44
MOTHER AND CHILD — Sculpture - - - - -	Jacob Epstein	45
NOTES ON NORTHWEST JEWRY - - - - -	Alfred Apsler	46
POEM, 1958 - - - - -	Faye Chilcote Walker	48
BOOK REVIEWS - - - - -		49-70

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB, Editor and Publisher

SELWYN S. SCHWARTZ, Contributing Editor

ALFRED WERNER, Associate Editor

THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM is published quarterly at 179 W. Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill. Copyright, 1958, in the U.S.A. by Benjamin Weintroub, Publisher. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 19, 1943, at the post-office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscription: \$5.00 per year.

Index for the volume is published annually in the Summer issue

## *Contributors to this Issue*

- ALFRED C. AMES—book critic and teacher is on the editorial staff of The Chicago Tribune.
- ALFRED APSLER—is head of the social science department of Lower Columbia Junior College, Longview, Washington.
- LEONARD BASKIN—sculptor, exhibited his works in the United States, South America, and in Europe. He teaches art at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts.
- WERNER J. CAHNMAN—teaches sociology at Yeshiva University and Hunter College and is at work, under a grant from the Conference of Material Claims against Germany, on a history of Austria.
- IRA EISENSTEIN—is rabbi of Anshe Emet Temple, Chicago, and the author of several books on religious and sociological themes.
- JACOB EPSTEIN—one of the world's greatest sculptors, born in New York City, resides in England.
- MAXINE W. GORDON—is a former associate professor of sociology at the University of Puerto Rico.
- MARTIN HALL—is a writer and lecturer on national and international affairs who resides in Los Angeles, California.
- ARIEL EL-HANANI—was the chief architect and designer of the Jewish Palestine Pavilion of the 1939 New York Fair. He resides in Israel.
- JOHN E. HARR—formerly with Chicago bureau of the United Press, has served (1951-1954) as press attache to the American Embassy in Tel Aviv, Israel. He is director of public relations for the adult education division of the University of Chicago.
- LEO HEIMAN—is the Israel correspondent for several publications in Europe and South America.
- EDITH HELLMAN—is a painter who has exhibited in several New York galleries.
- NEIL D. ISAACS—is with the department of English, Brown University.
- OSCAR KRAINES—is a member of the department of government, New York University, and the author of several books on American government. His recent book, *Israel: The Emergence of a New Nation* surveys politics and government of Israel.
- LEONARD L. LEON—is a member of the Illinois Bar.
- LEO A. LERNER—is editor and publisher of several community newspapers on the north side of Chicago. A widely known civic leader and chairman of the Board of Trustees of Roosevelt University, he is the author of *Continental Journey* and the *Itch of Opinion*.
- ALEX MILLER—is a free-lance writer who resides in Chicago, Illinois. "The Kid's Graduation and Mine" is his first published story.
- JOHN M. MIRKIN—is a lecturer in Russian language and literature at the University of Chicago.
- ASHLEY MONTAGU—is the author of several volumes on anthropology and sociology.
- RAPHAEL PATAI—is director of research, Theodor Herzl Institute, New York, and the author of several books on history and sociology.
- MURRAY POLNER—is a teacher of Far-Eastern history in the New York City Adult Schools, and a research assistant at Columbia University.
- GEORGE ROSS RIDGE—is with the department of modern languages, Georgia State College, Atlanta, Georgia.
- LIONEL RUBY—is chairman department of philosophy Roosevelt University, and the author of *Logic: an introduction*, and *The Art of Making Sense*.
- ALLEN D. SCHWARTZ—is a free-lance writer whose home is in Chicago.
- MAURICE M. SHUDOFESKY—is with the department of Semitics, Wayne University, Detroit, Michigan.
- SARAH SINGER—is a contributor of poetry to various national publications. She resides in New York.
- A. JAMES TAYLOR—is an officer on a United States Line cargo vessel. "Sticks and Stones" which appears in this issue, is his first published short story.
- PAUL H. VISHNY—is a member of the Illinois Bar.
- RUTH VODICKA—is an American sculptor and teacher whose works have been widely exhibited in the United States.
- FAYE CHILCOTE WALKER—is a well known poet who resides in Columbus, Ohio.
- ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—is the subject of an article in this issue by Alfred Werner.
- HARRY E. WEDECK—is a lecturer on classics, Brooklyn College, New York



# American Policy in the Middle East

By JOHN E. HARR

THE FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEM of American foreign policy—in the Middle East or any part of the world—was never more aptly stated than by James Forrestal in a note written in preparation for a conference. Appearing in *The Forrestal Diaries*, the note reads:

Our problem—to achieve accommodation between the power we now possess, our reluctance to use it positively, the realistic necessity for such use, and our national ideals.

Inherent in this statement are the reasons why the United States is the most difficult nation in the world in which to make foreign policy, measuring the difficulty by two criteria—the degree of responsibility attached to the decisions of the policy maker and the factors which influence or inhibit him in making his decisions.

In terms of the first criterion, the degree of responsibility in today's world for United States foreign policy decisions is the ultimate degree, matched only in the other major power center, the Soviet Union. In terms of the second criterion, the United States far outstrips the Soviet Union in the number and complexity of the influences and obstacles with which it besets its policy makers.

The latter are the products of the peculiar historical development of the United States: its political system, its ideologies, its economic growth, its sheltered position for almost 150 years. This historical background is fascinating and of basic importance, but for the purpose of this analysis, suffice it to say that it has produced the typical American viewpoint on foreign affairs. We feel that our way, be it in the fields of politics, economics, or morality, is inherently superior and need only be emulated elsewhere to achieve a sane and peaceful world. We look for the quick and easy solution to a

sticky crisis in some other part of the world if a solution is to be sought at all.

At the base of the predominant American view is a confusion among ideals, morals, and realities in foreign policy. Scratch an American who has done any thinking about foreign affairs, and you can find only one of three things: a political realist, a political idealist, and a hopelessly confused individual who mixes up the two approaches and vacillates from one to the other. By far the great majority is in the last-named camp—small wonder that American foreign policy is there also.

Unfortunately, the record of American policy in the Middle East—from the end of World War II to the latest conglomerate crisis in Lebanon, Iraq, and Jordan—illustrates this truth all too clearly.

The best period for positive American action in the Middle East was from 1945 to 1950. The Soviet Union was pre-occupied, first, in rebuilding its war-damaged economy, and, second, in consolidating its position in Eastern Europe. British power was waning in the Middle East and the way was opening up for American action. All of the dangerous conditions which in combination make Arab nationalism a valid movement were present to be noted by the acute observer, tied together in their joint import and weighed in the policy-making process. They include: the history of colonial exploitation, the steady increases in want and disease among the Arab masses resulting from growing populations and lack of economic development, the growing value of Arab oil, the artificial "balkanization" of the region into economically unviable units by the colonial powers, the power vacuum in the region, the decayed social system with its staggering inequalities, the critical psychological problems stem-

ming from the lag of Arab development 1000 years behind the West.

Of course, no analysis of the Middle East leading to positive American action took place. Like the Russians, we were pre-occupied. While the Soviet Union was re-building its economy in order to be fully prepared for the post-war power struggle, we were just as busy dismantling our then highly superior power structure in answer to the demands of public opinion, if not out of sheer habit.

Then, as the post-war power realities dawned on us and the "cold war" emerged, there began the steady process of reacting here and there to Communist pressures. Because the Communist pressures were being applied in Europe and the Far East, it was there that we acted. The Middle East ran a poor third in terms of areas of concern for the United States.

As the strategy of containing the Soviet bloc developed, the Middle East necessarily loomed larger in the plans of the policymakers. The mistake then was that we still failed to see and cope with the forces at work within the region, but, instead, tried to "get by" with the transfer of techniques that had worked in Europe to a region in which they were entirely unsuited.

An examination of specific occurrences and American policy reactions in the Middle East takes on the character of a parlor game called "Great Mistakes We Have Made." Reference has already been made to the fundamental mistake of failing to understand the latent well-springs of Arab nationalism. Next on the list is Israel. Can Israel properly be called a "mistake?" There are many who will say so, and this is akin to the kind of thinking which holds that the United States created the State of Israel. This, of course, is nonsense. All that can truthfully be said is that the United States failed to stamp out Israel, whether by force, or by restricting its economic aid, or by discouraging the support of American Jewry.

Those whose notions of Middle Eastern politics can be summarized in the statement: "If only Israel didn't exist, then everything would be okay," fail to see that

the establishment of Israel is the result of forces just as real and valid as those which fostered Arab nationalism. The two movements clashed and it was precisely in the clash—the Arab-Israel War—that the West made its mistake, or more exactly, its two mistakes.

The war should never have happened. Relations between Arabs and Jews were deteriorating at the time, but the trouble was minor compared to today's troubles. The British had a tough problem in Palestine and they were anxious to be rid of it. Relations between the British and Jews were considerably worse than between the Arabs and Jews. The pattern and abruptness of the British withdrawal and the failure to apply pressure in the Arab capitals strongly suggest that the British expected the Arab states to take care of the problem once and for all. They did not, and the war, which decisive action may have prevented, created the most difficult of the seemingly insoluble issues between Arabs and Jews today, including one which no amount of negotiation can ameliorate—the blow to Arab pride.

Having failed in preventing the war, the West should have forced an immediate peace settlement, if necessary, by a decisive show of strength. Instead, we have allowed the issues to fester and become worse each passing year.

In 1952 and 1953, a new look developed in the Middle East. The military coup took place in Egypt. A Republican administration was elected in the United States. There was a cooling in relations between Israel and the United States as the new Secretary of State got busy mending fences in the Arab states. There was hope that the new regime in Egypt would focus on the country's massive internal problems, and that Naguib, and later Nasser, would emerge as a new Kemal Ataturk. This hope was quite noticeable even among the Israelis. The United States went overboard in its honeymoon with the new Egyptian regime and a great deal of inept intelligence issued forth from our embassy in Cairo.

The first mistake was the initial attempt

to transplant the military-alliance idea from Europe in the abortive Middle East Defense Organization (MEDO), an approach that was later to culminate in the Baghdad Pact.

The first hot issue was the Egyptian drive to evict the British from the Suez Canal. Under pressure from Washington, the British finally evacuated without obtaining a tangible *quid pro quo*. Chalk up another mistake!

There followed the protracted and embarrassing Aswan High Dam business. In our rush to seduce the new regime, we made the error of endorsing an economically ill-advised project, one which, furthermore, gave rise to political problems with the Sudan over diversion of the waters of the Upper Nile. A series of smaller dams makes considerably more sense—but, of course, this approach does not have the internal propaganda effect of one gigantic project. It was during this period that Nasser began his flirtation with the Soviets, playing the East off against the West. Rumors had it that the Russians would underwrite Aswan. In exasperation, Dulles withdrew our support for the project in a manner clearly intended as a rebuke to Nasser for stepping out of line. This was a mistake largely because it was worse than ineffective—it could be used by Nasser for his own purposes.

The seizure of the Suez Canal followed. Although this move was planned by Nasser before the Dulles rebuke, the latter speeded up Nasser's time-table and helped provide something of a rationale in the Afro-Asian world.

Our mistake was in not allowing the British to step right back in and re-take the Canal, which would have been a rather more effective rebuke than the Aswan aid withdrawal. An extraordinary period of nervous fidgeting followed, with talk of super-tankers and more pipe-lines and perhaps even another canal—a general boycotting and economic squeeze. The net result was that we stalled until the time for action had passed. Nasser had “got away” with a major victory over the West. His prestige soared throughout the Arab world—the attention of the

*fellaheen* was diverted from their miseries and the pitifully inadequate measures taken by the new regime to alleviate them. Nasser moved close to his dream of taking over the reins of nationalism throughout the Arab world. The pattern was set. The most effective device in Nasser's campaign for the Pan-Moslem empire outlined in his book, the *Philosophy of the Arab Revolution*, was the thrust at Western “imperialism.”

Flushed with victory and having dispelled the first target, British power, Nasser turned to Israel, labeled as an outpost of Western imperialism in the heart of the Arab world. He bartered his country's money crop, cotton, for Russian arms and began a steady build-up. The murderous raids of the *fellaheen* along the Egyptian-Israeli border were initiated. Israel was barred from the Suez Canal and her Red Sea outlet was blockaded at the Straits of Tiran. Cairo Radio poured forth a steady stream of recrimination and hate directed at Israel, and there was ominous talk of a “second round.”

Meanwhile, the Egyptian propaganda campaign moved into high gear. Cairo Radio and Egyptian agents stirred up trouble in French North Africa, in Aden, in Kenya. Egyptian military attaches became very busy fellows, actively engaged in espionage and in fomenting rebellion. Several times, in other Arab states, they were caught “red-handed” with stocks of munitions.

Although Nasser had clearly singled out the West as the enemy, we failed to return the compliment. The best we could come up with during this period of remarkable Egyptian activity was the Baghdad Pact. On the surface, it seemed a clever stroke at Nasser by detaching the only other possible nucleus of power in the Arab world, Iraq, and tying it to the West. As events have tragically shown, we only succeeded in setting up the Iraqi regime as a sitting duck for Nasser. The fundamental fault lies in the essentially negative character of the Pact as another link in the containment of the Soviet Union. There was no positive basis for the alliance, no program that could catch the imagination of the Arab masses. Our

focus was still on Moscow, while Moscow was busy in Cairo, neatly pole-vaulting over the "northern tier."

Russian policy was simplicity itself—give Nasser a blank check. He was doing a splendid job of keeping the West off balance—better than a strong, active Communist Party in the region could do. Our policy, in failing to come up with any effective means of countering Nasser, seemed at a dead-end.

Miraculously, the march of events presented us with another opportunity. The Israelis, having found a deaf ear in Washington, sought friends where they could. They found one in France. With support in at least one of the major nations of the West—and indications, from the logic of the situation, that they would find some support from the British as well—the Israelis made a lightning thrust into the Sinai peninsula. The Israeli goal was to snuff out the *fellaheen* activity, open up the Red Sea to Israeli shipping via the Suez Canal and the Straits of Tiran, and to strike at the growing Egyptian military power before it was too late.

British and French forces appeared in the Eastern Mediterranean. After a delay of a few days they occupied the Canal zone. The Israelis stopped short of the Canal. The Russians thundered charges of aggression and threatened the use of force.

And what did the United States do? In the clearest example in recent times of the substitution of pious moralizing for foreign policy, we squelched our two closest allies and Israel, knuckled under to the Russian threat, and adroitly succeeded in converting Nasser's military defeat into a political victory.

The first mistake by the West was the intervention of the British and French. In terms of actual military force, they should have stayed out altogether. This would have made the Russian threat hollower than it actually was; it would have made the situation much tougher for Nasser and the bungling of the United States less devastating. The only kind of military action that can effectively eliminate Nasser is an Israeli ac-

tion. Use of force by the West only serves to make him a martyr.

Nevertheless, the opportunity was still a good one. The military victory in the Sinai was clearly an Israeli victory. Although the possible demoralizing effect on Egyptian troops of the mere presence of British and French forces in the area simply cannot be measured, there is no doubt that the Israelis could have taken Cairo without British and French help, and that would very likely have been the end of Nasser.

The view that the Israeli action was aggression in the usual sense of a naked, unprovoked attack is the most incredible kind of nonsense. It certainly was aggressive in the sense of a bold move in a *continuing struggle* which is exactly what has been taking place between Egypt and Israel ever since 1947.

Thus, not only was our moralizing a substitute for a hard-headed foreign policy, but the moralizing itself was based on false premises. All we had to do was delay action in the Security Council for a few days while the Israelis finished the job in Cairo. Then we could have indulged in high-sounding phrases for the sake of world public opinion while joining in the effort to pressure the Israelis back to their own border, which would have happened in due course anyway. The Israelis have enough Arabs and plenty of desert within their own boundaries to be concerned about hanging on to more of either for very long.

To a large extent, the Israelis accomplished their objectives. Realistic handling of the situation on our part would have accomplished the larger objective—a critical setback, perhaps a deathblow, to Nasserism. In all but his desire to liquidate Israel, Nasser emerged the stronger from the episode as events in recent months have shown all too clearly. And who got credit for restoring "peace" to the Middle East? Not the United States, but the Soviet Union.

Events since we failed to grasp this golden opportunity have shown how mistaken we were. The trend has been all in Nasser's favor—the shift of power in Saudi Arabia to



the pro-Nasser Crown Prince, the crisis in Jordan with King Hussein able to hang on only by a rare display of courage, the rebellion in Lebanon, the Iraqi coup.

Our landing in Lebanon was too late—two years too late to snuff out Nasser, two weeks too late for forestall the Iraqi coup. Even so, it was necessary as a desperation measure to buy time and to make pro-Western sentiments by Arab leaders something more than an invitation to assassination.

It may be that the grim record has convinced us finally that Nasser is a clear and dedicated enemy of the West. Having failed to grasp the implications of latent Arab nationalism, we have stood aside while a xenophobic, charismatic leader has taken over the movement and warped it into something that can roughly be compared to the Fascist movements in Europe, although the conditions are radically different. In propaganda, Nasser outstrips Goebbels; in internal subversion, he at least matches the efficiency of the Nazis. His focus is almost entirely outward, where the victories come the easiest. His brand of nationalism is at the opposite pole to the moderate, progressive kind exemplified by Bourguiba and Nehru.

The United States still abounds with wishful thinkers who see Nasser as the champion of a new social order in the Middle East. This can partly be explained by Nasser's cleverest propaganda technique—the use of his personal magnetism. At the same time that Nasser may be charming a visiting visionary with tales of internal progress, Cairo Radio may be calling for mob violence in Amman or mourning the anniversary of Hitler's death.

The Nasser bandwagon moves on and the situation in the Middle East grows more perilous for the West. Saudi Arabia may go completely over to Nasser. Jordan is doomed, making another Arab-Israel clash almost certain unless the United Nations takes over Hussein's kingdom completely. Egypt's weak neighbors, the Sudan and Libya, are in critical shape with the gravest implications for the West's position in all of Africa.

What kind of policy can the West develop to alter the trend? Here it is again necessary to caution against the panacea, the quick and easy solution. For example, the hope has been expressed that the new Iraqi regime may compete with Nasser for leadership of Arab nationalism. It may turn out to be so, but to base our policy on this kind of hope would be foolish, akin to waiting around in the Far East for China to go Titoist.

We must stop serving up victories to Nasser, if it means a militant policy of "containment." Once he runs out of external victories, the total inadequacy of the regime in coping with Egypt's internal problems will catch up with him. We should be ready with a bold and progressive plan for regional development designed to run with, not against, the legitimate aspirations for Arab unity.

We should make it plain that Israel will not be offered as a sacrifice and that we will support enlightened French policies in North Africa. Appeasement is out. Rather, our line must be bold, firm, and consistent, offering a positive road to progress for the Arab masses.

This kind of fundamental re-thinking of our Middle Eastern policy requires, as a first requisite, dynamic leadership in our own country. It may well be that a certain number of disasters had to befall us and our fortunes must sink to a certain low point before a bold, new approach becomes possible, given the difficulties of making and executing policy in the United States. A good start would be a mandate from the White House to the policy-makers to begin to lead public opinion rather than get hopelessly lost in trying to follow it.

To paraphrase Forrestal, we must face up to the realistic necessity of using our power in a positive way. If this seems somehow not to square with our national ideals, remember that Nasser is a complete failure in building a better life for the Arab masses—and that national survival is our highest ideal.

# The American Woman

By ASHLEY MONTAGU

AGE CANNOT WITHER the interest in, nor custom stale the infinite variety of opinions about, the American Woman. During the last year the American Woman has been given the full treatment. *Look* started off (16 Oct., '56) by devoting a full issue to her. *Life* (24 Dec., '56) could not contain all it had to say about the American Woman in a single issue; so it devoted two complete issues to her dissection. *Fortune* ran a whole series on "Women and Business." Margaret Mead, in the *New York Times Magazine* (10 Feb., '57), at last—if not finally—told us what is wrong with the American Woman—and her putatively lesser half. An English writer, Eric John Dingwall, made a resoundingly hollow sound with a book entitled *The American Woman* (Rinehart, '57). Mr. Charles Neider perpetrated a maliciously diverting anthology, *Man Against Woman* (Harper, '57), while William Cole and Florett Robinson edited a delightful cartoon history, *Women Are Wonderful* (Houghton Mifflin, '56), appropriately subtitled "A Hundred Years with America's Most Controversial Figure." But perhaps the most useful of the books published this year is the National Manpower Council's *Womanpower* (Columbia University Press, '57), a sober account and valuable discussion of the womanpower resources of the country.

With the exception of Dr. Dingwall's book (which is strictly for the birds), all these publications are of genuine interest, and the magazine pieces of especial value.

*Look* makes the point that with an edge of 2,400,000 votes over men, with 22,000,000 women in the nation's labor force—that is a third of the total U. S. labor force, yet with less ambition toward a "big career" than filling the hope chest and buying a new home-freezer—the American Woman is no

longer a psychological immigrant in the world of man. Marriage is no longer an hegemonic relationship with the male as supreme ruler, but a partnership. In spite of the fact that this camaraderie has lessened some of the mystery and taken some of the salt-and-savor out of their relationship, things have changed for the better for husband and wife. In spite of the 400,000 divorces per annum, marriage is entered into with greater realism than was the case in earlier generations.

This is mostly true as far as it goes. The trouble with this kind of approach to the subject of the American Woman is that it does not go far enough. *Look's* treatment of the American Woman is descriptive and declarative, rather than analytic and demonstrative. Does *Life*, with its double issue, do any better?

*Life* starts out with the statement of a fact with which almost every one will agree, namely, that America has the most beautiful women in the world. This fact has always puzzled me as an anthropologist. Why should the biggest and brightest collection of fresh good looks in the feminine world be so highly concentrated and so widely distributed as it is in the United States? Is the explanation perhaps to be sought in the creative achievement of ethnic mixture?

In the first of *Life's* leading articles Mary Ellen Chase complains that too many American women exhibit a mere craving for things accompanied by a crippling poverty of mind and imagination. She would rather that she should return to that phantom of delight envisioned by Wordsworth

nobly planned

To war, to comfort, and command.

'Tis a true bill that Miss Chase draws up against too many American Women. The misdirected leisure of so many women, Miss



Chase points out, could be translated into socially useful channels. But how is this to be achieved? Miss Chase recommends a mental, moral, and spiritual stock-taking. This, of course, would help, but we can look for no substantial changes in the state of mind and the misdirected energies of such American women until we understand that the values in which they are educated require an overhauling. What is wrong with the American Woman is, as a wily Scot is said to have remarked, too much poor quality attention—a quality of attention from which the American male is not exempt either. In short, there is not enough high quality attention given, in our country, to the making of human beings, men as well as women.

In the second article Margaret Mead traces the American woman's strength to her pioneer past. She feels that the American woman has rather over-valued her home as the legitimate be-all and end-all of existence. This is a point which Mead develops further in her article entitled "American Man in a Woman's World" in the *New York Times Magazine* (10 Feb., '57), in which she makes the further point that the female's over-valuation of the home causes her to transform the male into a homebody. This homebody prefers the comforts of home to the risks of a career, the time for home that might otherwise be sacrificed, and the desire to give his family every luxury at the cost of his own consumption. This is not good, says Mead, but not wholly bad since this attitude has improved human relationships between husband and wife and children. But the price we pay is too high. "The only way to break the deadlock is to re-institute the range of ideals without which any civilization perishes." The United States needs, in addition to good husbands and wives and parents, "men and women with commitment to the tasks of a world in which we are becoming the model setters, with or without our consent." And to that we may say, "Amen." However, we may express a doubt concerning the alleged ill-effects of the domestication of the American male by the American

female. To me, on the other hand, it seems that what is required is not less but more home-bodiness on the part of the male. The American male, it seems to me, is both corporeally and spiritually too much removed from the home for the ultimate health of his family, himself, and his civilization. Absentee paternity is an American familial disorder. May it not be that the over-valuation of the home by the wife is compensatorily related to its under-valuation by the husband? But to return to *Life*.

Emily Kimbrough asks "some years of grace" for the American Woman. She has only had some fifty years during which to cut out her pattern for living, and she is still having to make alterations in it. She is not yet ready to pull out the basting threads. This, I think, is well said. But I believe it also needs to be said that not only are women in a stage of transition, but that we all are. Our problem is no less than the adjustment to the value of being essentially human.

Phyllis McGinley whimsically and wittily shows that "Women Are Wonderful"; and Cornelia Otis Skinner most unsuccessfully and misguidedly attempts to demonstrate that "Women Are Misguided." Principally, it appears, women are misguided by entering certain occupations, such as laboratory technician, funeral director, and dining-room hostess, which Miss Skinner heartily dislikes.

Finally, there is Robert Coughlan's "Changing Roles in Modern Marriage." In this article he reports the findings of a specially assembled panel of psychiatrists whose considered opinion is that the failure of men and women to accept their emotional responsibilities to each other and within the family—as men and women, male and female—may account for the failure of so many marriages. There appears to be a developing confusion of roles as the traditional identities of the sexes are lost. The emerging American woman tends to take on the traditional role of male dominance and exploitativeness, while the male tends to become more passive and irresponsible. The consequence of all this is that neither sex can

satisfy the needs of the other. They are suffering from sexual ambiguity.

These points are supported clearly and convincingly by typical case-histories, and it may at once be said that not only is Coughlan's piece the best thing that has come out of the recent heremenutics on the American Woman, but it is in its own right a contribution of considerable importance. The feminization of the male and the masculinization of the female are proving to be more than too many marriages can endure. The masculinized woman tends to reject the roles of wife and mother. In compensation the feminized male wants to be a mother to his children, grows dissatisfied with his wife, and she in turn with him. These are the displaced persons of the American family who make psychiatry the most under-populated profession in the country.

But lo! A light dawns upon the horizon. There are signs that women are beginning to place a higher premium upon motherhood. The old-fashioned three- to five-child family is reappearing in, of all quarters, the middle and upper-middle-class suburbs. Among the very women who are best qualified for "careers," a new interest in the family and in homemaking values is appearing. The style thus begun is likely to be imitated even more widely. Its consequences are likely to be good.

Finally, the *Life* editorial, "Women, Love, and God," is really quite beautiful with its cogently expressed conclusion that "Only as women guard the art and guide the quest of love can mankind know all the kinds and heights of love of which they are capable."

To turn from the rather illuminating *Life* excursus on the American Woman to Dingwall's book of that title is rather a let-down, for Dingwall is not only unclear, but confused, and really not well acquainted with the problems he discusses. This is all rather a pity because there are many good points scattered throughout his book, and for that reason and because the arguments of the author afford one a whetstone, so to speak, upon which to sharpen one's own wits, the book will repay reading.

Dingwall's thesis is that "the conflict within the soul of many American women is primarily a sexual conflict," and it all has something to do with repressed Puritanism. The greater part of the book is devoted to the "evidence" cited in support of this theory. The "evidence" in itself is often interesting, but is not seldom misunderstood by Dingwall, and is too often uncritically stated. Not seldom it is also quite wrong-headed, as when he repeats the old canard that America is a woman's world and that American women are not truly feminine. However, there is often just enough truth in some of Dingwall's statements and quotations to cause one to think furiously. Surely there is something in Rebecca West's remark that American women like men more than Englishwomen, but love them less? And surely it is true that European women, on the whole, make more devoted wives, and more satisfactory wives, than American women. I have no real data on this subject other than the experience of having lived for a generation in both Europe and America. It is a subject that would be well worth investigating.

The *Fortune* series, "Women as Bosses" (June, '56), "The Great Back-to-Work Movement" (July, '56), "What Makes Women Buy?" (August, '56), and "Women as Investors" (October, '56), were uniformly excellent and illuminatingly informative on the increasingly important role that women are beginning to play in the making of our economy.

Editor Nieder's *Man Against Woman* causes one to ask "Who buys such books?" It is true that the season is open throughout the year where women are concerned, but does one have to arm oneself with a quiver of shafts drawn from such poisonous sources as this? I think Mr. Nieder's book is funny in the pejorative sense of that word. It is a fossil, and I can vouch for the fact that very little it contains can be squared with the facts.

Cole and Robinson's cartoon history, *Women Are Wonderful*, is a charming book. It is good to be able to see the evolu-

tion of the changing attitudes of the sexes toward each other hit off in the truth so frequently uttered in jest.

The National Manpower Council's *Womanpower* opens with the following statement: "Women constitute not only an essential but also a distinctive part of our manpower resources. They are essential because without their presence in the labor force we could neither produce and distribute the goods nor provide the educational, health, and other social services which characterize American society. They constitute a distinctive manpower resource because the structure and the substance of the lives of most women are fundamentally determined by their function as wives, mothers, and homemakers."

This is the carefully distilled view of the many investigators who have contributed to the making of this volume. It is clear, then, that women are definitely here to stay. What is particularly interesting about this volume is the information it gives on the activities of women outside what is conventionally understood by the term "labor force." If anyone wants to know to what extent the United States depends upon the more than 22 million women in the labor force, let him read this volume, but especially let him read it if he wants to know to what extent such organizations as The Community Chest, The March of Dimes, The American Red Cross, and The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis depend upon the labors of volunteer women. Millions of other women work in other organizations that provide an opportunity for service—without pay. Without the energy and motivations of these women our society would be impossible.

I wish I had the space to discuss the many revealing aspects of the life and problems of women in our economy upon which the pages of *Womanpower* throw so much light; for on the subject of women we need as much light as possible.



*The Hydrogen Man*

LEONARD BASKIN

... THE AMERICAN DREAM ... has been a dream of being able to grow to the fullest development as man and woman, unhampered by the barriers which had been slowly erected in older civilizations, unrepressed by the social orders which had developed for the benefit of classes rather than for the single human being of any and every class. And that dream has been realized more fully in actual life here than anywhere else, though very imperfectly even among ourselves. ...

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

# Justice Warren and the Constitution

By LEONARD L. LEON

ONE WOULD HAVE TO GO BACK to the aftermath of the election of 1800 and the Jeffersonian clash with the Federalist Judiciary to find a campaign equaling in ferocity the present-day attack directed against the United States Supreme Court. By comparison the brick bats thrown at the "Nine Old Men" in the New Deal era, were bouquets, indeed. Why this almost unparalleled attack on the Court? To find the answer one must review some recent history.

When Earl Warren became Chief Justice in 1954, not even the most sanguine of liberals would have ventured to predict that three years later would find on the Court a new, if somewhat tenuous, majority for civil liberties. In 1954, the Bill of Rights was still staggering from the hammerlike blows administered by a relentless Vinson Court. The First Amendment had been deprived of much of its vitality; the Fifth Amendment was in disrepute. The lonely dissents of Justices Black and Douglas in civil liberties cases were noted with almost monotonous regularity. Whatever the final verdict of history as to Harry Truman, it is certain that not even his most ardent admirers will find much to defend in his appointments to the Supreme Court. One student of the Court acidly comments:

... the Truman-Vinson Court was more often the nation's shame than its pride at giving life to democracy's high ideals. The tragedy—as history is sure, some day, to record it—is that the Supreme Court's majority, with the most magnificent opportunity ever granted so small a group to show the world the profound difference between the humanity of democracy and the brutality of a dictatorship, so miserably failed; that the Court—except in the Negro cases—while purporting to fight a foreign tyranny actually aped it.<sup>1</sup>

1. Fred Rodell, *Nine Men: A Political History of the Supreme Court from 1790 to 1955*, p. 304. Besides Chief Justice Vinson, Truman appointed Justices Minton, Clark, and Burton. Of the four appointees, Justices Clark and Burton remain.

It was against this backdrop, with civil liberties at a low ebb, that the present Chief Justice took office.

The attack against the Warren Court has come mainly from two groups: the segregationists and the advocates of a system of "absolute security." As to the segregationists, they have never forgiven the Chief Justice for writing the opinion in *Brown v. Board of Education*, which established the right of an eleven-year-old Negro school-girl named Linda Brown, to go to a non-segregated school in Topeka, Kansas. In the segregationists' view, the Court's decision was nothing short of treason. "Separate but equal facilities" had been their battle standard for more than half a century. Small wonder, then, that they vented their frustrated rage on the symbol of their misfortune—the Supreme Court and the Chief Justice.<sup>2</sup>

It seems quite likely that had the Court left "well enough alone," the storm of abuse aroused against it by the segregation cases would have soon subsided. Despite the hue and cry that arose, it was quickly apparent that the bitterness was primarily limited to the segregationist element in the South. "Equal protection under the laws" had become respectable in the United States in recent years, and the would be allies of the segregationist forces hesitated to make common cause with them on this issue.

Then the liberal majority of the Court committed the unpardonable sin. In a series of historic decisions, it re-affirmed the validity of the Fifth Amendment as "a safeguard against heedless, unfounded or tyrannical prosecutions," and "restored the First

2. The senior Senator from Virginia called the Chief Justice a "modern Thaddeus Stevens" (Stevens was the leading exponent of a harsh policy towards the South in the post-Civil War Reconstruction era) and accused him of conspiring with the NAACP and the ADA against the South. *New York Times*, July 17, 1957, p. 14.



Amendment liberties to the high, preferred place where they belong in a free society." The reaction was instantaneous and virulent. Self-styled "experts" on Constitutional law and Constitutional history smote the Court mighty blows. The Court was charged with an "invasion of the legislative field, attempting to consolidate all governmental power in its own hands," and putting the Congressional investigating committees out of business. Also placed at the Court's doorstep was the responsibility for shattering our security system and giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Solutions were many and varied for remedying the situation. They ran the gamut from shrill cries for impeachment to a demand that the various states be vested with greater control over appointments to the Court. One suggestion was made that there be a Constitutional amendment requiring that justices be reconfirmed every four years. Does the Warren Court deserve the opprobrium heaped upon it by its critics? A brief analysis of the decisions in controversy will quickly dispel any such illusions.

In the companion cases of *Quinn, Empsak, and Bart* the petitioners were charged with contempt for refusing to answer questions concerning alleged Communist activities asked them by the House Un-American Activities Committee. The Court held that no special formula was necessary to invoke the privilege against self-incrimination, and that a witness could not be punished for contempt unless his objection to a question was overruled by the Committee and the witness directed to answer. Obviously influenced by Harvard Law School Dean Erwin N. Griswold's brilliant exposition on the validity and importance of the Fifth Amendment,<sup>3</sup> the Court reaffirms the value of the privilege as a symbol of a free society and says that "to apply the privilege narrowly or begrudgingly—to treat it as an historical

relic, at most merely to be tolerated—is to ignore its development and purpose."

A significant portent of things to come, culminating in the *Watkins* and *Sweezy* cases was the pronouncement of the Chief Justice recognizing the limitations on the powers of Congressional Committees:

But the power to investigate, broad as it may be, is also subject to recognized limitations. It cannot be used to inquire into private affairs unrelated to a valid legislative purpose. Nor does it extend to an area of which Congress is forbidden to legislate. Similarly, the power to investigate must not be confused with any of the powers of law enforcement; those powers are assigned under our Constitution to the Executive and the Judiciary. Still further limitations on the power to investigate are found in the specific individual guarantees of the Bill of Rights, such as the Fifth Amendment's privilege against self-incrimination which is in issue here.

In *Slochower* the Court held that the mere invocation of the Fifth Amendment before a Congressional Committee without more, would not sustain the discharge of a professor from his position at a New York City college, the Court again citing *Griswold* and reiterating that "the privilege serves to protect the innocent who otherwise might be ensnared by ambiguous circumstances." The Chief Justice emphasized that no automatic inference or presumption of guilt can flow from the use of the privilege.<sup>4</sup>

The *Konigsberg* and *Schware* cases involved the fate of two applicants denied the right to practice law at the bar of their respective states, California and New Mexico. Both *Konigsberg* and *Schware* had been accused of prior membership in the Communist Party, *Schware* admittedly having been a member from 1932 to 1940. *Konigsberg* further refused to answer questions as to his political affiliations and associations, relying on the First Amendment. The Court held in both cases that the mere fact of prior membership would not support an inference

3. Erwin N. Griswold, *The Fifth Amendment Today*. The Court refers twice to it in the *Quinn* opinion. Dean Griswold's influence in changing the climate of opinion as to the privilege cannot be overestimated.

4. "At the outset, we must condemn the practice of imputing a sinister meaning to the exercise of a person's Constitutional right under the Fifth Amendment. The right of an accused person to refuse to testify, which had been in England merely a rule of evidence, was so important to our forefathers that they raised it to the dignity of a Constitutional enactment, and it has been recognized as "one of the most valuable prerogatives of the citizen."

that they did not have good moral character. In the absence of evidence that the petitioners "participated in any illegal activity or did anything morally reprehensible as a member of [the] party," the refusal to allow the petitioners to practice law was a denial of due process. The opinions clearly indicate that the Court looks with scant favor on political tests as a requirement for the practice of law.

We recognize the importance of leaving states free to select their own bars, but it is equally important that the State not exercise this power in an arbitrary or discriminatory manner nor in such way as to impinge on the freedom of political expression or association. A bar composed of lawyers of good character is a worthy objective but it is unnecessary to sacrifice vital freedoms in order to obtain that goal. It is also important both to society and the bar itself that lawyers be unintimidated—free to think, speak and act as members of an Independent Bar. [*Italics not used in the original.*]

If any doubt remained in the minds of the critics of the Court that somehow the Court had been "subverted," all doubt was dispelled when, in June of last year, four far-reaching decisions were handed down: *Jencks v. U.S.*, *Yates v. U.S.*, *Sweezy v. State of New Hampshire*, and *Watkins v. U.S.* *Jencks*, the least important of the decisions, aroused perhaps the most heat and controversy. *Jencks* was prosecuted for filing a false non-Communist affidavit with the National Labor Relations Board. Matusow and Ford, the Government's principal witnesses as to *Jencks*' alleged Communist Party activities, had made written reports to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The Supreme Court reversed and ordered a new trial, holding that *Jencks* was entitled to inspect the reports to decide whether to use them in his defense. No one reading the lucid opinion of Justice Brennan can doubt that the Court was merely re-affirming a fundamental principle of our concept of criminal jurisprudence. It would seem that due process would require nothing less than that the Government should produce the reports so that the credibility of the informer-witnesses, which in all likelihood would be instrumental in sending the defendant to prison, could be tested.

Had the defendant been other than an accused Communist, it is extremely improbable that the case would have caused more than a ripple on the national scene. However, the Court's audacity in holding that even accused Communists are entitled to due process of law caused such a bitter outcry that Congress promptly passed a law of questionable constitutionality to circumvent the *Jencks* decision.<sup>5</sup>

In *Yates* and its companion cases (conveniently grouped as the California Smith Act Cases) the Supreme Court finally took that long, hard look at the Smith Act that Vinson had so cavalierly promised in *Dennis v. U.S.* These were the first Smith Act cases in which the Court actually reviewed the trial record. The Court vacated all the convictions, holding that as to some of the defendants the evidence was insufficient to justify a new trial, and that as to the others a new trial was necessary. The Court distinguished *Dennis* on the grounds that the trial Court's charge to the jury in *Yates* had not recognized the difference between advocacy and teaching of forcible overthrow as an abstract doctrine and incitement directed at illegal action. The decision in *Yates* leaves a great deal to be desired,<sup>6</sup> for the Smith Act and *Dennis* are still with us, substantially intact. However, it would be unrealistic not to recognize that the Court's careful examination of the evidence

5. Senator Wayne Morse, commenting on Senate Bill S. 2377 said: "There is no place in America for a police-state tactic which keeps locked up from free men and women charged with crime, information which, under process they are entitled to have if they are to have a fair trial . . . we are dealing in too much haste with a precious right in criminal jurisprudence . . ." *Congressional Record*, July 3, 1957, pp. 9791, 9792.

6. "I would reverse every one of these convictions and direct that all the defendants be acquitted. In my judgment the statutory provisions on which these prosecutions are based abridge freedom of speech, press and assembly in violation of the First Amendment. . . . The First Amendment provides the only kind of security system that can preserve a free government—one that leaves the way wide open for people to favor, discuss, advocate, or incite causes and doctrines, however obnoxious and antagonistic such views may be to the rest of us." Justice Black, with whom Justice Douglas joined, concurred in part and dissented in part in *Yates v. U.S.*



and its refusal to extend the rationale of the *Dennis* case to its logical conclusion, represent a significant step forward.

*Watkins* and *Sweezy* are undoubtedly the most important of the cases decided by the Court. Their importance goes far beyond the precise holding in each case, for the Court recognized the truism which Justices Black and Douglas had so vainly urged upon the Vinson Court in their series of memorable dissents—that the First Amendment is the cornerstone upon which our free society rests. *Sweezy*, a Marxist author and lecturer, was convicted of contempt for refusing to answer certain questions put to him by the Attorney General of New Hampshire, who was investigating “subversive activities” in New Hampshire in accordance with a mandate from the state legislature. *Sweezy* freely answered most of the questions concerning his past conduct and associations. He denied that he had ever been a member of the Communist Party, and he emphatically stated that he had never been part of any program to overthrow the government by force or violence. However, he refused to discuss his association in 1948 with the Progressive Party of New Hampshire, or the contents of a lecture he had given to a class in humanities at the University of New Hampshire. The Court set aside the conviction, stating that the appointment of the Attorney General to act as a committee for the legislature to investigate “subversive activities” resulted in a separation of the legislature’s power to conduct investigations from the responsibility to direct the use of the power. In unequivocal language the Court restates, for those of us who have forgotten, our First Amendment heritage:

There is no doubt that legislative investigations, whether on a federal or state level, are capable of encroaching upon the constitutional liberties of individuals. It is particularly important that the exercise of the power of compulsory process be carefully circumscribed when the investigative process tends to impinge upon such highly sensitive areas as freedom of speech or press, freedom of political association, and freedom of communication of ideas, particularly in the academic community. . . . Scholarship cannot flourish in an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust. Teachers and students must always remain free to

inquire, to study and to evaluate, to gain new maturity and understanding; otherwise our civilization will stagnate and die.

Equally manifest as a fundamental principle of a democratic society is political freedom of the individual. Our form of government is built on the premise that every citizen shall have the right to engage in political expression and association. This right was enshrined in the First Amendment of the Bill of Rights. Exercise of these basic freedoms in America has traditionally been through the media of political associations. Any interference with the freedom of a party is simultaneously an interference with the freedom of its adherents. All political ideas cannot and should not be channeled into the programs of our two major parties. History has amply proved the virtue of political activity by minority, dissident groups, who innumerable times have been in the vanguard of democratic thought and whose programs were ultimately accepted. Mere unorthodoxy or dissent from the prevailing mores is not to be condemned. The absence of such voices would be a symptom of grave illness in our society.

This was strong language coming after a decade of conformity and orthodoxy, but the cruelest blow of all was *Watkins*. *Watkins*, a labor leader, had been cited for contempt as a consequence of his refusal to tell all before a subcommittee of the House Un-American Activities Committee. He (like *Sweezy*) denied ever being a member of the Communist Party and freely discussed his past activities. He refused, however, to testify about persons who might have been Communists in the past, but no longer were members or active in the Communist Party. In reversing the conviction, the Court held that the authorizing resolution of the Committee was too vague, and that the subject-matter of the inquiry had to be made known to the witness so that he could judge the pertinency of the questions put to him. One cannot read the opinion without recognizing that an era is coming to an end—an era when in the name of illusory security, any violation of the Bill of Rights was assented to so long as the target was “a tiny band of miserable merchants of unwanted ideas.” The Court made it unmistakably clear that no longer would it acquiesce in a legislative committee riding rough-shod over the First Amendment. Discussing the vagueness of the congressional authorizing resolution, the Court struck a telling blow against what had

been up until now an unquestioned tenet of the inquisitorial faith:

It would be difficult to imagine a less explicit authorizing resolution. Who can define the meaning of "Un-American"? What is that single, solitary principle of the form of government as guaranteed by our Constitution?

The decision, while admitting that the power of the Congress to conduct investigations is broad, goes on to say, "but broad as is this power of inquiry, it is not unlimited. There is no general authority to expose the private affairs of individuals without justification in terms of the functions of the Congress." And in what can be interpreted only as a direct rebuke of the House Un-American Activities Committee and the Senate sub-committee on Internal Security, the Court pointedly says:

Nor is the Congress a law enforcement or trial agency. . . . No inquiry is an end in itself. . . . Investigations conducted solely for the personal aggrandizement of the investigators or to "punish" those investigated are indefensible. No doubt every reasonable indulgence of legality must be accorded to the actions of a coordinate branch of our Government. But such deference cannot yield to an unnecessary and unreasonable dissipation of precious constitutional freedoms.

This writer has not intended to convey the impression that in the area of civil liberties the Warren Court has always been on the side of the angels. Certainly a careful analysis of the Court's decisions reveals otherwise. But one must unreluctantly concede that the Warren Court has done much to restore that delicate balance between the legitimate security needs of the Government and the rights and liberties of a free people, which the Vinson Court did so much to imbalance. Contrary to the Court's critics, it has not "subverted" the Constitution—it has restored to it the vitality without which a democratic society could not for long remain free. Professor Rodell, writing in 1955 of the prognosis for the Warren Court, said this:

Indeed, the most hopeful and happy omen of them all is the apparent judicial character of the new Chief Justice. He [resembles] a might-be twentieth-century Marshall. The same easy strength is there, and the same earthy approach to the esoterics of law. But where Marshall's achievement was to pro-

## THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

tect a weak nation, as a nation, from its people, Warren's opportunity is the precise opposite; it is to protect the people, as people, from their strong nation. Given the will and the goodwill to do it, he can succeed.

O'Shaughnessy, the Irish poet, once sang: "For each age is a dream that is dying, or one that is coming to birth." Over eight-score years and five, through age after different age, the men who are the Supreme Court of the United States have attended the birth and the death of different dreams. Today it would be a tragedy if the Black and Douglas dissents—which are rather affirmations of faith—should prove a dirge for the bravest dream of all. For under the inspiration of those two great Justices and the aegis of a potentially great Chief Justice, the American dream of freedom may be reborn.

Despite Professor Rodell's observation that "prediction in print is a preoccupation for the foolhardy," it would seem that his gift for prophecy is indeed highly developed.

---

## THE BLIGHTED SHEAF

By SARAH SINGER

*Each was adjudged and given heed.  
Bereft, his marred oblation spurned,  
Cain cried upon the wind, "The seed  
I sow is bane, my vintage thorned,  
No yield returned  
  
But canker and despair!" Light palled.  
Dread portent swept the plangent grass . . .  
And then the taunt, and Abel felled,  
Cain spent with vengeance, infamous,  
Replete—with loss.*

---

# *The Kid's Graduation and Mine*

By ALEX MILLER

LOOK AT ME in college! And a guy that works under a truck at the garage. Sitting on the slick green lawn with a couple thousand other guys and their women watching the kids graduate. Grandparents and youngsters too, sitting so polite as if the butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. Why shouldn't they stick out their chests? I don't expect a fellow to sneak around being guilty for what was done before or what he might do tomorrow. What the hell! You can't be looking in the mirror all the time to see if everything is all right. You take your chances . . . and have fun. I'm that kind of guy. . . . Can I help it?

And besides, they're feeling pretty darn good about the kids. With all that tough college stuff behind and the future in front like it was a snap. So why take it away? I see Marge out of the corner of my eye looking so darned happy at the daughter up there in front with the cap and gown like the others. You really can't tell yours from the others. Maybe Marge can, but I can't. So for a second it seems I'm forgetting why I'm here and sitting around for nothing. It's a little something fading out in the mind. But peeking at Marge brings me to my senses. This is the big moment in her life and if I took a square look at her, she'd burst into tears. And I'd come close to it myself. It's funny how things happen. You think you've got everything in hand. . . .

I can hear the old college prof, with the white hair of an angel, standing up there on the platform under the hot sun but keeping plenty cool. I think you're born to be that way whatever happens. It means you've got a lot of class. But me, I sweat a lot, especially when I want to say something with big thoughts. I get mixed up and it makes me mad and I want to argue and slug it out with hot words. I sort of like the

guy but would he like me? I don't know. . . .

Democracy and Youth, he says, and I agree a hundred per cent. The future belongs to the Youth, and I couldn't have said it better myself.

I was thinking maybe I was taking it all too light and should be propping myself up with the right thoughts when I heard a woman's voice. I'm sure I knew it but it sounded strange and slippery because I couldn't place it. It had two layers, one sweet and high and the other low and gentle like the old prof's. It meant she was high-toned and you wouldn't kid her. Well, you really could, but you daren't pinch her because that was bringing her down to your level and she'd turn a royal purple. That was making a revolution.

And then without even looking at the speaker I saw her face. It was a kid's in my first year high school and not bad looking either, but with glasses. When my eyes snapped up front that was her on the platform and sending out the words in neat bunches like she walked a tightrope and couldn't afford any slips, but with that nice voice that made me think she was singing a piece of opera. When I looked down at my program it said she was Dean of Women, which gave me a big jolt. Anyway she was talking about women's place in the world with long pauses for letting it sink in, and I was thinking about her place in it and wondering if she was married. I was betting that she wasn't because she gave a fellow a feeling that she went her own way. Don't get me wrong. She wasn't stuck up. She seemed to be made of better stuff or I don't know what. . . . And me—well, I'm another kind like millions of others. I would like to have class too, and not the kind you buy for dough either. . . .

Well, I kept thinking of her way back

even with the glasses which didn't hide the little nose and the straight bangs that none of the other girls wore. And about the party where we sat in a corner while the other kids danced by us and snickered. She read poetry to me and I sat and looked at her. I'm just a lug, honest! But I got carried away. It was her voice, her looks; but there I was pouring over her face, nervy-like, wondering at how nice it was and trying to strip it down at the same time. I was looking up to her and trying to be equal. At the same time I was scared—I mean shy—and nothing would have made me move an inch closer, and it had nothing to do with the kids who laughed at us. But I was scared that I might move! It was enough that she let me look at her and that was something I couldn't forget. Opening up, she talked about the need for a soul-mate to share this with, the wonder of it. . . . I was sure she couldn't have meant me! But just to be told this was big for me, because it meant that I was a somebody. . . . When I opened my mouth she must have realized what a dumb bunny I was and we sort of dropped the whole thing, easing it off quietly. O.K.; so she dropped me. . . .

She finished speaking and came down smiling from being very serious and everybody clapped including me, and I banged my hands red forgetting this was a place for respect. Marge grabbed my arms and people looked at me, thinking maybe I was showing off my smartness or was just plain skirt-crazy. Well, let them think what they want, them with their uppity snickers, making their mouths so small and proper because I'm not as fine as they are. So, I get all greasy at my work, but really when all's said and done, I think my kind run the works.

She stood there on the platform taking the clapping like a duchess, not bowing on account of the cap and letting her arms hang at the sides. She went back to her chair but I couldn't see her because the next speaker stood between us.

I was thinking maybe I wasn't playing fair with Marge with letting my ideas run

away with me and especially at the kid's graduation. I should be thinking of my kid and all that it means, but maybe I'm different, and can't control it. It's funny but I've mostly done my figuring like Marge was always around to watch, but now I see that she really isn't. I make her up without thinking about it. And the kid would forgive me too if she understood, but I hope she never has to. In my own mind I was deciding to pay my respects to the Dean of Women after the fuss was over and to do it alone when I had my chance. So I stuck it out through all the Alma Mater choruses and more speeches yet till it seemed everybody had his say except me, but that's all right because I'm the guy everybody is trying to smarten up. My mind wandered and I kept looking up at the bare sky about as blue as the grass was green and that's plenty for this clean, sunny June day that giving all it has got till you've got it in your blood and you're breathing hard like an animal. This is the day June has been waiting for, maybe I've been. . . .

When it ended everybody stood up and started milling around and looking for their grads and taking them back into the family. It was funny the way the mob of kids in black and their folks went for each other like a couple of armies trying to swallow each other. The crush seemed to be getting tighter like it was twisted in with everyone straining, standing on tip-toe and pointing and diving into the mess, and then a sudden cheer when the right people find each other. They act surprised like they never expected it till I think that everybody is a kid again playing at peek-a-boo. The sun was hot and bright and it seemed like the whole crowd was one big flower popping open by the minute. Every bit of meanness was melting out and the lion would lie down with the lamb.

We found our kid running around in circles, trying to find a hole in the crowd, and she threw her arms around the both of us. She was in great shape with her cute face a steaming pink and babbling too fast to make anything out of it. It was she and her



mother falling all over each other first, with her old pop last in line but that's O.K. with me because I know she's got a comfortable spot for him. We pulled off toward the edge so I could take camera shots. I posed Marge and the kid, pushed their faces together and stepped back on the lawn but people kept getting in between before I caught them alone. It looked like everybody there was snapping, trying to catch just a small hunk of the crowd and forgetting about the rest like they didn't matter; and then I saw we're all in the same boat so that we can even share a little bit of the next fellow's pleasure. And it's not because I'm a pig and want more and more. Some figuring, hey?

The kid introduced us to a couple of girl classmates and their people and I was standing around grinning and being awfully eager like some dame at a parent-teachers fuss but thinking in between of that high school girl that grew up and how I would like to talk to her. By this time, I felt no shame because I had a roomful of affection for everybody and my heart was big enough for a circus tent. Besides, I thought of her in a special way that didn't rob Marge at all and it was clean as far as I knew. But I admit I don't know everything. Besides, it wasn't right to turn my back on the romantic business like it was cheap when it has lasted as long as it has. I'm glad I felt this way about it because it makes no trouble and I really meant to see her anyway.

I pushed into the crowd getting a scared pounding in the chest like I was advertising it and a feeling like I was going over my head; and why did I invite trouble? I don't know, but maybe the body puts up a big show by playing up to the mind like to a boss. Anyways, I decided that she wouldn't recognize me anyhow, so why worry? Passing over the fact that I was plenty keen on the scent. Just walk around and look, that's all!

So I poked around but kind of sheepish like every last one here knew I had no business mingling with the professors and their high-toned politics. I found her standing in

her black robe as pretty as ever but in a lean, strong way. She was not exactly a buttered chick of eighteen but stood up wonderfully well under my hard stare. I was afraid she'd give her age away. Like one thing calls up another, I thought of Marge and had a feeling of being cheated all the time, but knowing I was a rat about it.

Her friends were a couple of tall university guys turning gray at the temples, like their heads were lit from behind, and what I thought were their wives because they were comfortably plump and the men paid no attention. Everybody hung on her words, the men especially, like balloons on her string waiting for a sign or a certain smile. I had a notion she only had to bend her little finger. . . . I stood waiting for them to go but they kept making wise-cracks which sounded schoolish and not funny and trying to have the last word. I was getting impatient with them for being so limp and not standing up. Well, now I'm going to do the same thing; so I've got nothing to be snooty about. But it's mixed up with an old stubborn dream that hasn't broken and has nothing to do with expecting a reward. . . . I mean it.

She stands there a little forlorn when they leave like she doesn't know what to do next. I walk up and say hello, and she smiles quick like there's no time to think and she's staring and concentrating at me like my being there is asking her more than she can give. She nods no, no from time to time like trying to push through thick chunks of time. I mention my name and hear her quick intake of breath like it is magical and she grabs my wrist and I don't know if it's just anything to hold to or that she is trying to pull me to her remembrance of me to see if it matches. I am grateful as a dog for that and to think that I can last in someone's mind for that long. She knows me; so therefore I am . . . a man. . . .

Yes, I remember, she said.

Well, fancy meeting you here, I said, which was the best I could think of, but I was lucky that anything came out, considering my head was a horse with a heavy load.

It can't be any surprise that I am here, she returned. She shrugged her shoulders a little and smiled. Maybe my answer was just silly.

I blushed, which she saw and then she asked, what are you doing here . . . you?

She hit that second you a little hard and I sort of got the drift and it slowed me up a bit. It didn't go well with that pretty face and what I expected of it. It takes more than a tone of voice to stop me because I get around places; so I made a fresh start about the kid's graduation and how she was planning to teach. She got suddenly very happy about it and told me how wonderful it was and those eyes lit up with it which warmed me up some; but then I wished she had asked the kid's name, which she didn't. Well, the dean might know her—but then this is a big college and she can't know everybody. I was kind of puzzling over her real temperature and was she really genuine about my kid or was she just official because that was what she was supposed to say?

I got to saying how time flies, like the twenty-five years, and how watching the kids grow made one feel old if there weren't other signs; or maybe you felt like a back number with them catching up and leaving us behind. I repeated my idea of being left behind because it had a lot of weight in it, and then I made another point. I said these were two different things because in one the oldsters got to feel older; and the other where they saw the young ones get older, which should make the old ones feel younger again. You couldn't have both feelings at the same time because it was confusing. One depended on the other. For a plain guy I was pretty sure of myself.

I looked at her to see if she got it, but she seemed far away and not to be listening. She was tired and her forehead was wrinkled with the whole idea of age like the bars of a prison. This was the truth coming out, like I was beating it to the punch. Maybe I played too hard on age, but only because I felt big and mellow; but then she turned to me and said quietly but all pent up.

The signs . . . and then the emptiness . . . none of your own.

The hands flew up to her cheek like trying to make sure she was there and be comforting.

This was a shocker which I took to mean that she had no family of her own but I could hardly ask her to tell me all like I was licking my chops. Far be it from me to drag someone's secrets out in front so I could have a field day. But I did have that warm feel of confiding because it hurt her plenty and this slipped out somehow. To tell the truth I couldn't feel as sorry for her as glad that she let me understand her.

I reminded her that she went pretty, pretty far in her field and that she shouldn't forget that, but she didn't seem to hear me. I wanted to talk about the things on my mind, about what happened at school, about the kids we knew. Not that they mattered so much but it would put her in a certain frame of mind. Maybe then I could talk about the party and the poetry she read to me. And what I hadn't thought of till now—the flowers I sent her a year later but didn't sign my name to because I was afraid she would find it funny. But it got stuck in my chest and it suddenly seemed like a small thing for a grown man to talk about with everything that was happening here.

She nodded to a number of people that went by and I was standing there quiet, not knowing what to say. My chance was slipping away and I was thinking, aw, what was the use? A good looking boy and his girl friend in cap and gown came up holding hands, and she started talking to them while I waited. I watched her from the side. It seemed that what I saw before was just a pretty face because I was so busy thinking what to say. But now I could see that she was beautiful, very. I couldn't get my eyes away. I couldn't keep from wanting her. The tall clean-shaped forehead, the gray eyes you couldn't meet because you were whipped by its clear look, and the mouth cut so fine at the ends gave and took away at the same time. I was ready to make a fool of myself.



When she turned back to me it was like she had forgotten I was there. She gave a snappy covering-up smile, like small change, and looked away. After all, I was twenty-five years away. It was a kind of signal that she had nothing more to say to me, so I could go. I could have left all washed-up right then if I knew I didn't have to face myself later. It was now or never.

Do you still read poetry? I asked.

Yes, of course.

You used to be crazy about it way back. You read it to me once. . . . I haven't got over it yet. . . .

You like poetry . . . ? She made a face like there was something strong-smelling about it. She went on.

But what for? What have you to do with it. Why . . . Why . . . ? She made me feel low like she was giving me the third degree, but I told her anyway, because it couldn't be changed and had to come out.

Because of you, I said, throwing everything away.

She looked startled and began laughing like it was the funniest thing she had ever heard loud, natural and wild. Others around turned their heads from what they were doing to see, but she didn't stop. Nothing could stop her. I wondered, almost crying, could people be so far apart?

You of all things, she laughed like she raced by on a runaway train and couldn't stop.

Well, being merry is supposed to be good for you. If so it was certainly making her healthy. But it was killing me. It wasn't only she who was telling me to go jump. It was the whole world. So I got my answer. . . . I turned and stumbled away from both her and myself. I ran like I couldn't find the ground beneath my feet.

Later, when the worst was over I went back to Marge and the kid and told them about meeting someone I knew back in high school who turned out to be an awful pill and snob. We had a good laugh about people who get stuck up for no good reason at all. I laughed extra hard. . . .



Martyr

RUTH VODICKA



*The Scholar, Worker and Tiller of the Soil*

ARIEL EL-HANANI

*Courtesy, College of Jewish Studies and Board of Jewish Education, Chicago, Illinois*

... What constitutes an American? Not color, nor race, nor religion. Not the pedigree of his family nor the place of his birth. Not the coincidence of his citizenship. Not his social status nor his bank account. Not his trade nor his profession. An American is one who loves justice and believes in the dignity of man. An American is one who will fight for his freedom and that of his neighbor. An American is one who with sacrifice property, ease and security in order that he and his children may retain the rights of free men. An American is one in whose heart is engraved the immortal second sentence of the Declaration of Independence. ...

HAROLD I. ICKES

from  
**Sages, Chroniclers, and Scribes**

With this issue *The Chicago Jewish Forum* begins a new department, "From SAGES, CHRONICLERS, AND SCRIBES." Within the limitations of space assigned to this project, writings and memorabilia centuries old will be published and experiences will be depicted which were of vast and primary importance in the little-remembered, long-ago annals of Jewry and other minorities.—Editor.

---

**THE CREMATION OF THE STRASBOURG JEWRY\***

By JACOB VON KONIGSHOFEN (1349)

IN THE YEAR 1349 there occurred the greatest epidemic that ever happened. Death went from one end of the earth to the other, on that side and on this side of the sea, and it was greater among the Saracens than among the Christians. In some lands everyone died. Ships were found on the sea laden with wares; the crew had all died and no one guided the ship. The bishop of Marseilles, priests, monks, and more than half of all the people there died with them. In other kingdoms and cities so many people perished that it would be too horrible to describe the situation. The Pope at Avignon stopped all sessions of court, locked himself in a room, allowed no one to approach him, and had a fire burning before him all the time. (This device was probably intended as some sort of disinfectant.) Concerning the cause of this epidemic, wise teachers and physicians could only say that it was God's will. This plague, which occurred in many other places, lasted more than a whole year. The epidemic also came to Strasbourg in the summer of the above-mentioned year, and it is estimated that about sixteen thousand people died.

---

\*Jacob von Königshofen (1346-1420) was a Strasbourg historian and archivist who lived close to the events of which he writes.

From *The Jew in the Medieval World*, by Jacob R. Marcus. Courtesy, The Union of American Hebrew Congregations, Cincinnati.

The Jews throughout the world were reviled and accused in all lands of having caused the plague through poison which they are said to have put into the water and the wells—that is what they were accused of—and for this reason they were burnt all the way from the Mediterranean into Germany, but not in Avignon, for the Pope protected them there.

But a number of Jews in Berne and Zofingen (Switzerland) were so tortured that they admitted that they had put poison into many wells, and poison was found in the wells. Thereupon they burnt the Jews in many towns and sent news of this affair to Strasbourg, Freiburg and Basel in order that people there too should burn their Jews. But the leaders in these three cities, in whose hands the government lay, did not believe that anything ought to be done to the Jews. However, in Basel the citizens marched to the city hall and compelled the council to take an oath that they would burn the Jews, and that they would allow no Jew to enter the city for the next two hundred years. Thereupon the Jews were arrested in all these places and a conference was arranged to meet at Benfeld, Alsace, on February 8, 1349. The bishop of Strasbourg (Berthold II), all the feudal lords of Alsace, and representatives of the three above-mentioned cities came there. The deputies of the city of Strasbourg were asked what they

were going to do with their Jews. They answered and said that they knew no evil of them. Then they asked the Strasbourgers why they had closed the wells and put away the buckets, and there were great indignation and clamour against the deputies from Strasbourg. So, finally, the bishop and the lords and the Imperial cities agreed to do away with the Jews. The result was that they were burnt in many cities; and wherever they were expelled they were caught by the peasants and stabbed to death or drowned. . . .

The town-council of Strasbourg, which wanted to save the Jews, was deposed on the 9th/10th of February, and the new council gave in to the mob, who then arrested the Jews on Friday, the 13th.

On Saturday — that was St. Valentine's Day — they burnt the Jews on a wooden platform in their cemetery. There were about two thousand of them. Those who wanted to baptize themselves were spared. Some say that about a thousand accepted baptism. Many small children were taken out of the fire and baptized against the will of their fathers and mothers. And everything that was owed to the Jews was cancelled, and the Jews had to surrender all pledges and notes that they had taken for debts. The council, however, took the cash that the Jews possessed and divided it among the working men proportionately. The money was indeed the thing that killed the Jews. If they had been poor and if the feudal lords had not been in debt to them, they would not have been burnt. After this wealth was divided among the artisans, some gave their share to the cathedral or to the Church on the advice of their confessors.

Thus were the Jews burnt at Strasbourg; and in the same year in all the cities of the Rhine—whether free cities or Imperial cities, or cities belonging to the lords. In some towns the Jews were burnt after a trial; in others, without a trial. In some cities the Jews themselves set fire to their houses and cremated themselves.

It was decided in Strasbourg that no Jew should enter the city for a hundred years;

but before twenty years had passed, the council and magistrates agreed that they ought to admit the Jews again into the city for twenty years. And so the Jews came back again to Strasbourg in the year 1368 after the birth of our Lord.

## PAPAL PROTECTION OF THE JEWS\*

By POPE GREGORY X (1282)

GREGORY, bishop, servant of the servants of God, extends greetings and the apostolic benediction to the beloved sons in Christ, the faithful Christians, to those here now and to those in the future. Even as it is not allowed to the Jews in their assemblies presumptuously to undertake for themselves more than that which is permitted them by law, even so they ought not to suffer any disadvantage in those [privileges] which have been granted them. (This sentence, first written by Gregory I in 598, embodies the attitude of the Church to the Jew.) Although they prefer to persist in their stubbornness rather than to recognize the words of their prophets and the mysteries of the Scriptures (which, according to the Church, foretold the coming of Jesus), and thus to arrive at a knowledge of Christian faith and salvation, nevertheless, inasmuch as they have made an appeal for our protection and help, we therefore admit their petition and offer them the shield of our protection through the clemency of Christian piety. In so doing we follow in the footsteps of our predecessors of blessed memory, the popes of Rome—Calixtus, Eugene, Alexander, Clement, Celestine, Innocent, and Honorius.

We decree, moreover, that no Christian shall compel them or any one of their group

\*Pope Gregory X (1271-76) incorporated two significant statements into several of his bulls; the first declared that the testimony of a Christian against a Jew had no validity unless it was confirmed by a Jew; the second was a most vigorous denunciation of the ritual murder charge.

From *The Jew in the Medieval World*, by Jacob R. Marcus. Courtesy, The Union of American Hebrew Congregations, Cincinnati.



to come to baptism unwillingly. But if any one of them shall take refuge of his own accord with Christians, because of conviction, then, after his intention will have been manifest, he shall be made a Christian without any intrigue. For, indeed, that person who is known to have come to Christian baptism not freely, but unwillingly, is not believed to possess the Christian faith. (The Church, in principle, never approved of compulsory baptism of Jews.)

Moreover, no Christian shall presume to seize, imprison, wound, torture, mutilate, kill, or inflict violence on them; furthermore, no one shall presume, except by judicial action of the authorities of the country, to change the good customs in the land where they live for the purpose of taking their money or goods from them or from others.

In addition, no one shall disturb them in any way during the celebration of their festivals (whether by day or by night) with clubs, or stones, or anything else. Also no one shall exact any compulsory service of them unless it be that which they have been accustomed to render in previous times. (Up to this point Gregory X had merely repeated the bulls of his predecessors.)

Inasmuch as the Jews are not able to bear witness against the Christians, we decree, furthermore, that the testimony of Christians against Jews shall not be valid unless there is among these Christians some Jew who is there for the purpose of offering testimony.

Since it happens occasionally that some Christians lose their Christian children, the Jews are accused by their enemies of secretly carrying off and killing these same Christian children and of making sacrifices of the heart and blood of these very children. It happens, too, that the parents of these children, or some other Christian enemies of these Jews, secretly hide these very children in order that they may be able to injure these Jews, and in order that they may be able to extort from them a certain amount of money by redeeming them from their straits. (Following the lead of Innocent IV,

1247, Gregory attacks the ritual murder charge at length.)

And most falsely do these Christians claim that the Jews have secretly and furtively carried away these children and killed them, and that the Jews offer sacrifice from the heart and the blood of these children, since their law in this matter precisely and expressly forbids Jews to sacrifice, eat, or drink the blood, or to eat the flesh of animals having claws. This has been demonstrated many times at our court by Jews converted to the Christian faith.

We decree, therefore, that Christians need not be obeyed against Jews in a case or situation of this type, and we order that Jews seized under such a silly pretext, unless—which we do not believe—they be caught in the commission of the crime, be not detained. We decree that no Christian shall stir up anything new against them, but that they should be maintained in that status and position in which they were in the time of our predecessors, from antiquity till now.

We decree, in order to stop the wickedness and avarice of bad men, that no one shall dare to devastate or to destroy a cemetery of the Jews or to dig up human bodies for the sake of getting money. (The Jews had to pay a ransom before the bodies of their dead were restored to them.) Moreover, if any one, after having known the content of this decree, should—which we hope will not happen—attempt audaciously to act contrary to it, then let him suffer punishment in his rank and position, or let him be punished by the penalty of excommunication, unless he makes amends for his boldness by proper recompense. Moreover, we wish that only those Jews who have not attempted to contrive anything toward the destruction of the Christian faith be fortified by the support of such protection. . . .

Given at Orvieto by the hand of the Magister John Lector, vice-chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, on the 7th of October, in the first indiction (cycle of fifteen years), in the year 1272 of the divine incarnation, in the first year of the pontificate of our master, the Pope Gregory X.

# The Fighting Kadimah

By WERNER J. CAHNMAN

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, in the spring of 1883, eleven young men banded together at the University of Vienna to create the first Jewish-national student association in Europe, the academic association *Kadimah*. The leaders were Ruben Bierer of Lemberg, Maurice Schnirer of Bukarest, Israel Niemzowicz of Bialystock, and Nathan Birnbaum of Vienna. The official purpose was "to cultivate the literature and science of Judaism," but the actual aim was to fight academic anti-Semitism, to pledge allegiance to the idea of a Jewish nation, and to further the colonization of Palestine. The beginnings were small, but out of them grew the mighty Zionist movement and the State of Israel. How did all of this come about? Why was it that care-free Vienna, of all places, where the enjoyment of life seemed to rule supreme, became the seat of a militant political movement? The truth is that Vienna, the imperial city on the crossroads between East and West, was waltzing on a volcano and that its gaiety was overcast with a sense of doom. Those with finer ears may have heard already the rumblings of two world wars, of death and destruction.

In the last decades of the nineteenth century, the peoples that settled in the wide domain of the Habsburgs were in turmoil. The Italians had extricated themselves almost entirely from association with the empire; the Magyars had established their independent dominion, which was only loosely tied to the central seat of government in Vienna; and the Slavic nationalities had regained their cultural consciousness and were impatiently demanding greater political rights. The Germans were seized with fear and foreboding. The wars of 1866 and 1870 had separated them from the old German Bund, as well as from the new German Reich, and had left them with a

feeling of hurt pride and helpless isolation. This feeling became frantic after the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1878 and the instalment of the anti-liberal coalition government of Count Taaffe one year later. At the same time, the independent craftsmen and merchants of Vienna began to feel the pinch of capitalistic competition, so closely associated in the public mind, if not in actual fact, with the business activities of the Jews. The ingredients of an emotional witches' Sabbath were present and the atmosphere was loaded.

In retrospect, some of the signs and portents are fascinating to recall. In the summer of 1882, the meeting in the "Musikvereinsaal," by means of which the old Forty-Eighter, Adolf Fischhof, and his friends attempted to stem the nationalist tide and to promote the reconciliation of the warring nationalities, was violently broken up by a group of opponents. The last effort to combine liberalism and nationalism had ended in failure. At about the same time, Dr. Ernst Pattai, later one of the leaders of the Christian-Social Party, and Dr. Georg Ritter von Schoenerer, the reckless apostle of racism and spiritual mentor of Adolf Hitler, founded the "Deutschnationalen Verein" on the basis of the "Linzer Program" of 1880, but with an additional point demanding "the elimination of Jewish influence." It was a heyday of the rudest kind of anti-Semitic propaganda. In 1881 two books appeared in neighboring Germany, both equally vicious and full of venom. One was Eugen Duehring's *The Jewish Question as a Racial, Moral, and Cultural Question* and the other was August Rohling's *The Talmud-Jew*. Duehring's book, which impressed even the young Herzl with the virulence of its diction, was potent in academic circles, but Rohling's pamphlet, in which alleged



anti-human and anti-Christian utterances from the Talmud were quoted freely, excited the masses. After a provocative public discussion extending over many months, Rabbi Joseph Samuel Bloch of Floridsdorf, near Vienna, finally published his indictment of Rohling in subsequent editions of the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung* in December, 1882 and thereby compelled Rohling to resort to the courts. But the poisonous seed was already disseminated far and wide. The same year, 1882, which saw popular anti-Semitism at a high point, marks the break-through of the racist type of German nationalism at the University. The moderate *Deutsch-Oesterreichische Leseverein* was dissolved and replaced by the much more radical *Verein Deutscher Studenten*; from then on academic Jew-baiting was rampant. Within a few years the infamous "Aryan Paragraph," which excluded Jews from membership in student associations, was generally adopted and the pattern whereby Jewish students were isolated, insulted, and physically attacked, became firmly established.

All this could not have failed to impress Jewish minds; yet, they were more deeply stirred by the bloody Russian pogroms of 1881. Thousands of miserable, frightened refugees poured across the Austrian frontier near Brody in Galizia, where they were maintained by improvised charity until they were able to proceed to more permanent havens, especially in Great Britain and in the United States of America. Many a dream of brotherhood was shattered. In the same year, Leon Pinsker published his pamphlet "Auto-Emancipation," in which he raised the banner of national independence. This pamphlet was avidly read by the young men who founded the *Kadimah*. Another Russian-Jewish writer who propagated a nationalist philosophy, Perez Smolenskin, one of the initiators of the modern revival of Hebrew as a spoken language, lived in Vienna. He was the mentor of the young people; it seems that he suggested the very name "*Kadimah*," which, according to its Hebrew root, calls forth many associations: to go forward, to progress, to be eminent, to go

eastward, to return to the days of old. The entire ring-shaped Jewish universe appeared to be contained in that single word.

The young people of *Kadimah* experienced rough sledding in an atmosphere which was outwardly easy-going but at the same time, filled with embittered passions. The atmosphere of Jewish Vienna was permeated with the ideas of classical liberalism. With the adoption of the Austrian Constitution and its Bill of Rights in 1867, the Jews had been definitely emancipated. They were declared citizens; they enjoyed equality under the law and unhampered freedom of trade; they took full advantage of both; they entered the highest circles of society. But while many individual Jews sat in the councils of the mighty, they were afraid of collective Jewish representation, other than the religious *Kultusgemeinde* with its strictly defined functions, lest they might jeopardize their newly-won liberties and be thrown back into the Ghetto. As a consequence, they refrained from official protest against anti-Semitic outrages, which, from the very beginning, were Streicheresque in tone and murderous in intent—not because they were not horrified by them, but rather because they clung to the fiction that they should be full-blooded Jews only in their homes and their houses of worship, but plain citizens and abstract human beings when they appeared in the streets. This situation was in part remedied with the founding of the *Oesterreichisch-Israelitische Union* in 1886. The *Union's* call for self-respect and self-defense was hailed by Jewish nationalists, but the result, as was seen later, was merely a half-way house of political neutrality, not independence.

On academic soil, the young people of *Kadimah* encountered a numerous Jewish student body, but these Jewish boys, like their elders, did not wish to be recognized as Jews. To appear as such was not considered fashionable; it was not progressive; and it was outright dangerous. Many of the Jewish youngsters joined liberal student associations, but the vast majority of these "liberal" associations consisted of one Gen-

tile for every ninety-nine Jews. They were considered presumptuous "Jew-liberals" by the anti-Semites and despised as cowards by *Kadimah* and other Jewish-national associations, like *Unitas*, that were founded during the 1880's and 1890's. The Zionist students were not averse to entering the meetings of their Jewish-liberal adversaries, heckling them to the point of provocation, and even breaking up the assemblies with a show of violence. Fortunately, this *Muskeljudentum*, which was later hailed by Max Nordau, was exercised in the firing line against the anti-Semitic students with even greater vigor and fearlessness. This type of thing began to attract a growing number of Jewish students. In 1893, the *Kadimah* became a so-called "fighting" association, with cap and band and rapier and expert fencers and sabre-fighters. The youngsters were eager to defend Jewish honor in a way which was understood by their adversaries; and when the blue-blooded gentlemen, to escape their furor, adopted the "Waidlofen decisions" which declared a Jew "devoid of honor" and hence incapable of receiving satisfaction in a duel, many a member of *Kadimah* resorted to his bare fists. Such was the rough-and-tumble of the gilded age of which we are now only dimly aware.

It comes as small surprise, then, that the Jewish academic association *Kadimah* should choose the glorious Maccabean brothers as a historic symbol and the tale of their valiant deeds as a rallying cry. The *Kadimah* transformed *Chanukkah* from an innocuous "festival of lights" into the stirring "Maccabean celebration." It seems that the first Maccabean celebration was staged by the association *Shomer Israel* in Lemberg, Galicia, in 1880 and that the idea was brought to Vienna by one of *Kadimah's* charter members, Ruben Bierer. But the palm of glory for having taken up this remarkable innovation and propagated it with vigor and memorable eloquence goes to Nathan Birnbaum. This versatile idealist—much maligned because during his long life he embraced with equal fervor Zionism, socialism, Yiddishism, and Agudism—was pri-

marily an educator who understood that the end of "auto-emancipation" of the whole Jewish people presupposed the earnest self-education of every individual Jew, and that the image of the Maccabean struggle could serve as a lodestar to that end. In the *Bundeslied*, which he wrote for *Kadimah* and which since has been sung a thousand times to the tune of a German student song, he inserted the words:

So darfst Du, Jude, Sklav nicht sein—  
Du hattest Makkabaer!<sup>1</sup>

In his article "Der Hammerschlag des modernen Makkabaerthums" ("The Hammer-Blow of the modern Maccabeans"), he asserted that the popular image of the Jew as the representative of moneyed interests and the master of empty oratory could be overcome only if the Jews educated themselves to a life of dignity in their own land and if they took up manual labor behind the plough and in the workshop. Such was the re-dedication that he believed was needed to restore Jewish honor against the outer foe. But the Maccabean story served also to fix attention upon the parties within the Jewish fold whose influence had to be overcome. In his address on the occasion of the first "Maccabean celebration" of *Kadimah*, which took place on Dec. 22, 1883, Birnbaum emphasized that both the "modern *chassidim*" who stressed the religious personality of the Jewish people to the exclusion of its national character and the assimilationists whom he termed "the modern imitators of the Hellenists" bore heavy responsibility for the oblivion into which Judah Maccabi and his host had fallen and for the neglect in which the true spirit of the "minor" festival of *Chanukkah* was held. But now, he said, "the spirit which inspired Judah Maccabi to his unforgettable deeds has been revived; and this spirit will create a free Israel, united in brotherhood!" From that day on, it was considered the highest honor for a member or friend of *Kadimah* to be selected as speaker on the occasion of the "Maccabean celebration,"

1. "Jew, you must a slave not be—  
Know you stem from Maccabees!"

and other organizations throughout the Jewish world took up the same usage. Today, thanks to *Kadimah*, the ancient celebration of *Chanukkah* has become a major, not a minor, Jewish festival. The flames of self-assurance have been rekindled.

*Kadimah* has gathered friends from the early days in spite of official opposition and public lethargy. Prominent personalities, like the philanthropist Moses Montefiore in London and the historian Heinrich Graetz in Breslau, expressed their sympathy. As early as 1887, a kindred association was founded in London and in 1890 a similar association was founded in Berlin. In Austria itself, the *Unitas* in Vienna, the *Barissia* in Prague, the *Hasmonaea* in Czernowitz, and others considered themselves affiliates of *Kadimah*. By 1894 there had come into existence in Austria numerous small Zionist societies combined into the association *Zion* and dedicated to the revival of Jewish national sentiment and the support of Jewish colonization in Palestine. Most of these societies had their seat in the eastern provinces of Galizia and Bukowina from which the majority of the early membership of *Kadimah* was derived. As more and more young people who hailed from the western provinces of the Habsburg Monarchy acquired membership in *Kadimah* and in other Zionist student associations, a new link of Jewish brotherhood was forged.

When Theodor Herzl's fiery genius embarked on its meteoric career with the publication of "The Jewish State" in 1896, the time was ripe. The liberal dream was jolted. These were the days of *l'affaire Dreyfus*, when Parisian mobs yelled, "Death to the Jews!" In Vienna, Karl Lueger, elected to the mayoralty three times on the strength of an anti-Semitic program, finally was confirmed by the reluctant emperor while the language decrees of Count Badeni raised the temper of German-speaking Austria to a fever pitch. The Jews of Vienna felt trapped; many clothed their apprehensions in the garb of sarcastic wit and corrosive criticism. But the young men trained in the circle of *Kadimah* were ready. They rallied around

the new star and the brilliant literary genius turned statesman. At a festive assembly of *Kadimah*, which took place on February 20, 1896, Herzl appeared for the first time before a Jewish public. The students and alumni hailed him as the leader they had expected to make his appearance for a long time. As Herzl confided to them his plans for the first Zionist Congress, they were enthusiastic and became his secretaries, agents, and body-guards. Schnirer and Kokesch were instrumental in preparing the Congress; Donreich, Schalit, and Berthold Feiwel, of the brother association *Veritas* in Bruenn (Brno), organized the secretariat during the sessions in Basel. Without the support of this faithful group of men, the Congress might not have been a success. One of them, Isidor Schalit, survived long enough to see the State of Israel—the dream of his youth—rise from the ashes of millions of martyrs. He returned to Vienna in 1949, with a delegation that brought the remains of Herzl to their final resting-place in the Jewish Homeland.

Thus ends the story of *Kadimah*. To be sure, in the half century between the first Zionist Congress and Israel's declaration of independence, subsequent generations of members and alumni of *Kadimah* have acquitted themselves with honor, but no more in splendid isolation, no more in the vanguard of history. They were in the midst of the fight during the violent clashes that occurred at the University of Vienna in 1905 and 1906. They helped found the Viennese sport-club *Hakoah* whose triumphs made Jewish players internationally famous. They contributed to the conquest by Zionist candidates of the majority of seats in the Jewish Community Council in 1936. This was only two years before catastrophe overtook the Jewish community of Vienna, one of the great Jewish centers of our time, and dispersed the survivors to the four winds. But the seeds that have been sown are not lost. In glory and humiliation, in death and resurrection, the tale of *Kadimah* is part of history's proud record of the invincibility of the spirit of man.

# The Holmes Family and the Jews

By OSCAR KRAINES

NEW ENGLAND's eminent Holmes family originated in America in the middle of the seventeenth century. Whereas many of its members achieved prominence, the three (representing a direct line of successive generations) who attained international as well as national fame were the Reverend Abiel Holmes, biographer, Calvinist minister, and historian; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., orator, poet, and physician; and Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., jurist and philosopher.

## THE REVEREND ABIEL HOLMES (1763-1837)

The Reverend Abiel Holmes personified the best in New England life in a period of Puritan exclusiveness. His interests were broad, especially for an orthodox Calvinist minister, and he expressed great scholarly love for truth, devotion to unbiased education, and deep feelings for humanity.

In his biography of the Reverend Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College from 1777 to 1795, Holmes, also a graduate of Yale, wrote with great admiration of Dr. Stiles's profound interest in the Hebrew language and Jewish culture. He warmly described Stiles's close friendship with several rabbis and with other members of "this extraordinary nation," especially with Rabbi Haim Isaac Carigal, born at Hebron and educated at Jerusalem, who had come to Newport. Dr. Stiles "was greatly delighted" with the society of this "man of observation, learning, and intelligence." "They cultivated a mutual friendship while together, and corresponded in Hebrew when apart." Reverend Holmes further described this friendship between the Calvinist minister and the Jewish rabbi as follows:

They often spent hours together in conversation; and the information, which the extensive travels of

the Jew enabled him to give, especially concerning the Holy Land, was a rich entertainment to his Christian friend. The Doctor very frequently attended the worship of the synagogue at Newport, not only while Rabbi Carigal officiated, but at the ordinary service, before his arrival, and after his departure.

With six other rabbis, of less eminence, he became acquainted, and showed them every civility; while he maintained a friendly communication with the Jews in general, at Newport. Such rare and unexpected attentions, from a Christian minister of distinction, could not but afford peculiar gratification to a people conscious of being a "proverb and a by-word among all nations." To him they, accordingly, paid every attention in return, and expressed a peculiar pleasure in admitting them to their families and into their synagogue.

Reverend Holmes urged his readers to emulate Dr. Stiles:

His civilities . . . towards the Jews are worthy of imitation. . . . While admitted into most countries in Christendom, for the purposes of trade and commerce, instead of being treated with that humanity and tenderness which Christianity should inspire, they are often persecuted or contemned as unworthy of notice or regard.

Holmes was a gentleman of humanity and cultivation. His sermons, although on traditional Puritan subjects, were generally calm and contained frequent quotations from classical authors, including poets.

In his writings as a historian the general impression emerges that Holmes was an objective scholar who viewed science as the eradicator of superstition. As for the strict Calvinist justification of the witchcraft trials as cleansing the community of the bedeviled, he characterized that period of American history in his *Annals of America* as "proof of the imbecility of the human mind and of the powerful influence of the passions."

What most impresses the reader of Holmes's *Annals* is that he displayed no prejudice toward other religions and that he did not damn forever those who adhered to other religious doctrines. To his own pulpit



he invited other ministers, such as William Ellery Channing, who believed in Unitarianism, then viewed by orthodox Calvinists as heresy. Holmes, himself, served simultaneously as trustee of the Seminary at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, seat of strictest Puritanism, and as overseer and instructor of ecclesiastical history at Harvard College, then the center of Unitarian liberalism.

Holmes felt the changes penetrating New England, especially the embracing of Unitarianism by the young people; but so long as no actual conflict broke out, he was able to continue both as orthodox minister and objective historian. However, when the issue between orthodoxy and liberalism in religion came to a head during the Jacksonian period, Holmes, then in his late sixties, could no longer hold to both worlds, and was dismissed from his church in 1829. Eight years later, this righteous man, revered scholar, and humanitarian died.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES  
(1809-1894)

Prominent physician, poet, teacher, essayist, and lecturer, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes reflected his father's humanitarianism. Early in his youth he advocated inter-religious cordiality. In a letter to his parents from Paris, where he was studying medicine at the Ecole de Médecine, Holmes wrote on November 4, 1834:

One of the greatest pleasures of living abroad is to meet in such an easy, pleasant sort of way people from all quarters of the world. Greek and Barbarian, Jew and Gentile, differ much less than one thinks at first, and this you never learn from books—or never believe.

Six years later, when Judah Touro matched a \$10,000 grant by Amos Lawrence, a leading Boston merchant, thereby insuring completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, which had lain unfinished and neglected since the laying of its cornerstone by Lafayette in 1825, Holmes used the incident to promote religious tolerance. Following the dedication of the monument by President John Tyler and Daniel Webster on June 17, 1843, a

dinner was held at Faneuil Hall during which a poem by Holmes was read in honor of the two patriotic donors:

Amos and Judah—venerated names,  
Patriarch and prophet press their equal claims,  
Like generous coursers running "neck to neck,"  
Each aids the work by giving it a check,  
Christian and Jew, they carry out one plan,  
For though of different faith, each is in heart a Man.

Holmes opposed anything that was "brutal, cruel, heathenish, that makes life hopeless for the most of mankind." In his renowned *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, published in 1859, he pointed out that "the story of sweating gold was only one of the many fables got up to make the Jews odious and afford a pretext for plundering them."

Religious prejudice, slavery, and many others of humanity's ills were attributed by Holmes to man's immaturity. In his estimation, President Lincoln was the model of maturity in man.

Dr. Holmes's circle of friends included the most illustrious names of nineteenth century American literature, arts, and sciences; and he was proud of its complete freedom from religious bigotry. He was especially proud of the Beecher family for being "so chock full of good, sound, square-stepping, strong-hearted humanity that they cannot shut the doors of their sympathies against Jew or Gentile."

Holmes censured those who hated others because of differences in religion, and those who jealously asserted that their creed was "the only genuine ware." We talk of every one's being under one God, he said, but we act like barbarians in our relations with people adhering to other doctrines of worship. "Are we less earthly than the chosen race?" Holmes asked in 1872 in his poem, "Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts." Vigorously objecting to the contention of bigots that the Jews were materialistic, he wrote:

Let us be true to our most subtle selves,  
We long to have our idols like the rest.

Holmes's concept of human brotherhood embraced all of humanity and all religions.

When the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga Springs, New York, refused in 1877 to receive Joseph Seligman (Civil War patriot and a close friend of Abraham Lincoln and General Grant) together with his family because they were Jewish, the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher denounced the act of prejudice in his famous sermon, "Jew and Gentile." Leading men of letters, including Holmes, Mark Twain, and William Cullen Bryant, joined with Beecher in protest.

It was Holmes's opinion that a person's religious thinking and choice of church and worship should be respected by all men, especially by those who profess deep religious feelings. He urged people to be "Americanized" in their religion as Americans were in their politics, wherein "a man shall have a vote because he is a man—and shall vote for whom he pleases, without his neighbor's interference."

Like his father, Holmes studied the Hebrew language with enthusiasm. When Professor Edward J. Young published his noted pamphlet, *The Value of Hebrew for a Minister*, Holmes wrote to Young that he had "quite a lively appetite excited by your discussion for a full meal of those old square letters."

When Holmes was in his eighty-first year, he was continually besieged with requests for witty replies to questions on every subject imaginable. One set of questions, however, he treated seriously. These were concerned with anti-Semitism and were submitted by Philip Cowen, publisher and managing editor of *The American Hebrew*. Cowen had addressed a similar letter to a number of other leading non-Jews. The communication, dated February 11, 1890, sought to ascertain the causes of anti-Semitism and to suggest ways to eradicate it. Holmes's reply was brief and to the point. Neither he nor his father "had entertained prejudice against people of any other religion," and "when the Christian world has learned modesty and humility in its own self-estimate, the Hebrew will partake of the general benefit which will accrue to humanity."

Reflecting on his answer to *The American*

*Hebrew*, Holmes decided it was too terse and that he would revise and enlarge his statement and include it with the set of questions in the book he was then working on, *Over the Teacups*. Completed in August, 1891, this was Holmes's last book. In it he spoke out boldly against exclusiveness, arrogance, and ghettos, and he pleaded for modesty, civility, and human understanding. "It was against the most adverse influences of legislation, of religious feeling, of social repugnance," Holmes wrote, "that the great names of Jewish origin made themselves illustrious. . . ." Holmes included also a revised version of "At the Pantomime," a poem which attacked religious bigotry and which he had introduced in his public lectures as early as 1856 under the title of "A Hebrew Tale."

*Over the Teacups* was an instantaneous success. Twenty thousand copies were sold in the first three months. Throughout the nation, Holmes's remarks were hailed as the most forward of the times. "I am much gratified," Holmes wrote Philip Cowen, "with the kind of appreciation with which my writings have been received by the Chosen People who have found a home with us."

To the very end, Dr. Holmes advocated and hoped for harmony and good-will among all religions and their adherents. On September 29, 1893, the year before his death, he remarked in a letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, "I am interested in many things—most of all in the Congress of all Religions." This was the "World's Parliament of Religions" which was held in Chicago, September 11-27, 1893 (simultaneously with the Columbian Exposition), with the purpose of promoting the spirit of tolerance among religious faiths.

When Holmes died on October 7, 1894, a life ended which had been dedicated to the noblest of causes — charity, freedom, human brotherhood, and truth. In a eulogy in *The Menorah Monthly* for December, 1894, Rabbi Joseph Silverman called Holmes "a prophet," in the biblical sense—one who was "imbued with the sublimest truths" and

spoke "the truth without fear or favor," knowing that eventually truth and justice would reign supreme.

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES  
(1841-1935)

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes was a Civil War hero and philosopher who turned to law and became his country's leading voice of freedom, justice, and integrity. Underlying his philosophy was the belief that all men were "part of an unimaginable whole," "pursuing the inscrutable end," each having "to work out his salvation in his own way." Life, to him, was always changing and experimental, like a battlefield with the plan of battle not confided to us, and with the past influencing us "in many ways that we don't know ourselves." If man is to be happy in such a world, he has to respond to his duties, always playing the game according to the rules and striving hard for results, but never expecting too much out of life. This was Justice Holmes's concept of living on this earth.

In Holmes's outlook, no person was better than another because he was a member of a certain religion, race, nationality, or class. That religious and racial hostility existed could be attributed to evil people; and such people could not be made good by legislation. The only way the world could be reformed was by making men more civilized. This could be achieved solely by weeding out the unfit, checking their propagation, and scientifically building a select race of mankind with cultivated and humanized basic traits.

In keeping with this view, Holmes favored sterilization of the mentally unfit. He expressed this opinion in the case of *Buck v. Bell* in 1927. Had he lived to learn about the Nazi crematory and gas-chamber application of a similar doctrine against the Jews and other people in Europe, however, Holmes might have modified his philosophy, since he envisioned a human race devoid of religious, racial, national and class hatred.

Always the intellectual skeptic, Holmes

questioned all absolutes, and even doubted, though himself an individualist who respected all others, the absolute dignity and sacredness of the individual. "I have a standing war," Holmes wrote Dr. Wu on June 21, 1928, "with my dear friend Laski, as to his passion for equality, with which I have no sympathy at all. Yet in my youth I was an abolitionist and shuddered at a Negro Minstrel Show, as belittling a suffering race and I am glad I was and did."

Of all his colleagues on the Supreme Court bench, Holmes was closest with Brandeis. Their friendship was probably the most remarkable one which ever existed in the history of the Court. During the last two decades of the nineteenth century, the two, both Harvard graduates, had known each other in Boston, where Holmes was a Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, and where Brandeis practiced law.

Holmes was impressed by Brandeis's knowledge, integrity, ethical sense, and determination to do what was right; and Brandeis was equally impressed by Holmes's keen, scholarly, and penetrating legal mind which questioned all dogmatisms concerning the law and whose legal philosophy viewed experience and not logic as the life of the law. Brandeis resolved to bring Holmes into the academic field in order to reach the lawyers and judges of the future. He induced his friend, William Weld, whom he had tutored in law, to endow a professorship for Holmes at the Harvard Law School in 1882. Seven years later, when Holmes sought to place his nephew in a law office for clerkship, he unhesitatingly decided on Brandeis's firm.

In 1902, President Theodore Roosevelt nominated Holmes to be an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Brandeis congratulated Holmes with great pride. Acknowledging his friend's best wishes, Holmes replied:

For many years, you have, from time to time, at critical moments, said things that have given me courage—which probably I remember better than you. You do it again now, with the same effect and always with the same peculiar pleasure to me.

When, in January, 1916, Brandeis was

nominated by President Wilson to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Holmes, similarly, was overjoyed. However, several sections of the public protested the nomination of Brandeis, accusing him of radicalism, and some aroused anti-Semitic prejudice. After a Senate investigation had been conducted with hearings lasting for several months, the nomination of the first Jew to be a member of the Supreme Court was confirmed. During the hearings, Holmes adhered to traditional judicial neutrality and made no public statement concerning the nomination, but privately he expressed his earnest hopes for Brandeis's appointment. "I dined last night with Justice Holmes," Walter Lippmann wrote Brandeis on February 18, 1916, "and he spoke of you with such affection and admiration that I came home extremely happy."

Holmes felt that the Supreme Court needed a Brandeis, with his brain and extraordinary faith in the future. It seemed that a number of other brilliant young thinkers had the same qualities—Felix Frankfurter, Walter Lippmann, Morris Raphael Cohen, and Harold J. Laski. That all of these men were Jews did not disturb Holmes. It was when he heard expressions of bigotry that he became aroused. He expressed especial concern over the prejudice shown toward Laski when the latter's book, *Authority in the Modern State*, appeared with dedication to Holmes and Frankfurter, and toward Frankfurter on his appointment as Professor of Law at the Harvard Law School in 1914. "It never occurs to me until after the event," Holmes wrote Sir Frederick Pollock, the eminent British barrister and a friend for more than sixty years, "that a man I like is a Jew, nor do I care, when I realize it."

Having Brandeis beside him on the bench gave Holmes a feeling of comfort and relief in having someone else share the hard up-hill battle and direction of his views. Brandeis's friendship buoyed him up whenever difficulties mounted. "I have suspected," Holmes wrote Laski in 1918, "that it may be part

of Jewish bringing up to emphasize the cheerful view of things—at all events Felix [Frankfurter] always is comforting and . . . Brandeis always has left me feeling happier about the world."

In a letter to Pollock on October 31, 1926, several days before Brandeis reached his seventieth year, Holmes remarked:

I think he has done great work and I believe with high motives. To me it is queer to see the widespread prejudice against the Jews. I never think of nationality and might even get thick with a man before noticing that he was a Hebrew.

On March 30, 1932, Holmes wrote the introduction for a volume on Brandeis in which he traced their friendship over a period of fifty-three years. "Whenever he left my house," Holmes wrote, "I was likely to say to my wife, 'There goes a really good man.' I think that the world now would agree with me in adding what the years proved 'and a great judge.'"

Holmes never tired of expressing pride and joy that the United States offered safety, freedom, and opportunity to the Jews. "I have never seen him happier," wrote Laski, "than on an evening in Beverly Farms when Felix Frankfurter spoke to him of the sense of emancipation America had conferred upon a young immigrant from Europe." Holmes surrounded himself with many Jewish friends and attributed this close association to their "lovableness." In a letter to Laski in 1921, Holmes asked whether he was not correct in feeling that this was a characteristic of Jews. "When I think how many of the younger men that have warmed my heart have been Jews," he wrote, "I cannot but suspect it, and put the question to you." At times, Holmes even humorously claimed Jewish ancestry through the Wendells. This was a warm, good-natured affectation often meant to delight his Jewish friends.

Holmes's skepticism of humanity was strengthened by the Leo Frank case, which involved mob terror and anti-Semitism in the State of Georgia before World War I. Frank was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death for murder. His trial, in 1913, took place with an angry mob outside the court-



room and a boldly hostile audience inside. The judge warned Frank and his lawyer that any verdict other than guilty in the first degree would cause violence; and he bid them to leave the courtroom while the jury was polled. So great was the uproar inside and outside the courtroom after the first juror had cast his ballot against Frank that the judge was hardly able to hear the jurors, although he was less than five yards from the jury box.

Frank petitioned for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that his trial had been conducted in an atmosphere of mob terror. The case came before the Supreme Court in 1915 as *Frank v. Mangum*. The Court ruled against Frank's petition. Justice Holmes and Hughes, however, dissented. Holmes minced no words. Speaking sharply and emphasizing that a trial might be procedurally correct and its record show no legal flaws, but might be dominated by mob intimidation, he declared:

Mob law does not become due process of law by securing the assent of a terrorized jury. . . . We do not think it impracticable in any part of this country to have trials free from outside control. . . . It is our duty to . . . declare lynch law as little valid when practiced by a regularly drawn jury as when administered by one elected by a mob intent on death.

Holmes's words had a tragic corollary. Shortly after Georgia's Governor John M. Slaton, convinced of Frank's innocence, commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, a mob invaded the state prison and lynched Frank.

Holmes suffered great agony of mind over the Frank case. More than ever before, he believed that legislative and legal reform alone could not improve mankind. The "main remedy . . . is for us to grow more civilized"; and this can be accomplished, if within "conscious, coordinated human effort," "only by taking in hand life and trying to build a race." "That would be my starting point," stated Holmes, "for an ideal for the law."

Eight years after *Frank v. Mangum*, Holmes's dissent became the opinion of the Supreme Court in the case of *Moore v.*

*Dempsey*, and has been the law of the United States ever since.

Holmes's cynicism and skepticism did not permit him to be the warm optimist his father was. He was not as compassionate as Brandeis for the weak and defenseless as people, but he spoke out fiercely for their rights. "Indeed for a thoroughly civilized man, which Holmes was in the best sense of the word," wrote Morris Raphael Cohen, close, critical friend of Holmes, "he shows a remarkable absence of sympathy for the sufferings and frailties of mankind." Holmes was, nevertheless, in Cohen's opinion, of "rare intellectual integrity" and "above all a cultivated humanist who came to man's estate at a time when the work of Lyell, Darwin, and Huxley was shaking the human intellect out of dogmatic slumbers."

Holmes greatly valued Cohen's friendship and philosophical opinions. While Cohen never sought admission to the bar, his philosophical interpretation of the law deeply affected and influenced Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo, and Frankfurter, many of whose decisions can be directly traced to Cohen's philosophical and sociological views.

The very first time Holmes saw Judge Benjamin N. Cardozo he expressed a great desire to have him among his close friends:

Cardozo I am sure that I should really love if I knew him better. I not only owe to him some praise that I regard as one of the chief rewards of my life, but have noticed such a sensitive delicacy in him that I should tremble lest I should prove unworthy of his regard. All who know him seem to give him a superlative place. I have seen him but once, and then his face greatly impressed me. I believe he is a great and beautiful spirit.

That was in 1929. Within three years Cardozo and Holmes had become warm friends.

When Holmes was nearing his ninetieth birthday in 1931, a volume, entitled *Mr. Justice Holmes and the Supreme Court*, was prepared to commemorate the event. Frankfurter was the editor and Cardozo wrote the introduction. Frankfurter dedicated the book to "Mr. Justice Cardozo, Rightful Successor to Mr. Justice Holmes." Cardozo, in his introduction, attributed to "the great overlord of the law and its philosophy"—"ma-

jestic intellect," "wit," "eager interest," "serenity," "gentleness," and "benignancy." "Among my hoarded treasures," Cardozo wrote, "is a letter from his hand." Holmes had been Cardozo's hero and model for many years.

On January 12, 1932, when Holmes resigned from the Court, Cardozo was appointed to take his place. Holmes was very pleased, and was even happier when Cardozo began to visit him frequently.

With the death of Justice Holmes, in 1935, the long, direct line of descent bearing the Holmes name came to an end. In the center of Boston's and New England's culture, literature, and intellectualism from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the third decade of the twentieth the Holmes family embodied and reflected the best in America's great tradition—a family of Olympians in intellect, friendship, tolerance, and human understanding.



*The Torah Bearer* ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ



*The Wanderer* ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ

... It is not the least of the injustices committed by the West towards the Jews that it has forgotten their contribution to that intellectual and moral heritage of mankind which we regard as the very essence of our civilization. We cannot of course expect from peoples the feelings of gratitude that are, in certain circumstances, due from individuals; but the idea of "debt" has, all the same, played its part in history. Yet the same Christian West has all too often displayed indifference and cruelty when the Jews were going through times of grievous trial. Even today, those whose indifference or silence enabled massacres of the Jews to take place set their conscience at rest by accusing them of having been the instrument of their own misfortune, through their own exclusivism and their own "racism."

LEON ROTH, *Jewish Thought as a Factor in Civilization*

# Abraham Walkowitz and American Art

By ALFRED WERNER

*Art has nothing to do with imitation of objects. Art has its own life. One receives impressions from contacts or objects, and then new forms are born in equivalents of line and color improvisations.*

—WALKOWITZ

IN THIS GOOD COUNTRY, there has been little, if any, discrimination against Jews who made their career in the realm of the plastic arts. To appreciate the freedom and democracy of America, one must recall the obstacles put in the way of Jewish-born painters and sculptors not only in Tsarist Russia, but even in such advanced countries as the Germany of the Kaiser or that cradle of liberty, France. The biographies of Camille Pissarro, Max Liebermann, and Chagall offer evidence that Europe, at one time or another, displayed symptoms of intolerance even towards acknowledged artists.

By contrast, in the U.S.A., no one was barred from attending an academy or art school because he was a non-Christian. No Jew needed to change his name or faith to have his work exhibited in a museum or to obtain a teaching position. If, before 1900, the number of Jewish artists in this country was small, we must bear in mind that the Jewish population here was small, too.

About 1900 Paris was—as it still is—the center of progressive art, and it was a Hoboken-born Jew of German origin, Alfred Stieglitz, who was the first to introduce the new French art to the Western Hemisphere. In his little gallery at 291 Fifth Avenue, this pioneer artist-photographer showed works by Rodin, Lautrec, Matisse, and Picasso, who had broken away from the slavish imitation of nature to give full play to their imaginative dreams. But Stieglitz did not limit himself to Frenchmen only: his “stable” included a number of young Americans, Abraham Walkowitz and Max Weber among them, who had studied in

France, there falling under the spell of post-Impressionism.

Stieglitz passed away in 1946. Walkowitz and Weber are, happily, still with us. Which of the two is the more important is not our decision—posterity is a more impartial judge. At any rate, it seems to me that Walkowitz, who turned eighty this year, is too often ignored in histories of American art, or dealt with in a single insufficient paragraph. I do not say that “Walkie,” as his friends (and he has nothing but friends) fondly call him, is forgotten. Decades ago someone hailed him “America’s most reticent artist.” But in his old age he lost both reticence and shyness. During the last war he button-holed as many as one hundred colleagues and persuaded them to paint or carve his likeness. In 1944 these works were exhibited at the Brooklyn Museum, and it turned out that each of the artists—who included Brook, De Creeft, Fiene, Chaim Gross, Kisling, Kuniyoshi, Menkes, and Zorach—saw and stressed entirely different traits of the sitter’s personality.

Some years ago the greatest tragedy that can befall a painter struck him—his sight began to fail. By now he is almost completely blind, and the day seems near when the last glimmer of light will have gone for him. Yet he is anything but gloomy or filled with self-pity. There is hardly an artistic event in New York from which this stocky, silver-haired, gesturing little man is absent, and, while his work is now rarely displayed and—as stated before—infrequently mentioned in textbooks, his name is still seen in the art columns of newspapers: “Walko-

witz Donating his Sketches of Isadora Duncan to New York Public Library," "Face of America Exhibition includes Portrait of Walkowitz, Painted in 1907," "Photographs from Walkowitz' Collection seen at A.C.A. Gallery," and so forth.

Walkowitz was born in 1878 in the small city of Tyumen (between Sverdlovsk and Tobolsk) in Western Siberia. Encyclopedias and other reference works give 1880 as the year of his birth. The artist explained this discrepancy to me by saying that his parents had deliberately made him out to be two years younger than he actually was so that the dreaded service in the Russian army (notoriously anti-Semitic!) might be postponed and, eventually, under lucky circumstances, be avoided. The father, Jacob, who was born in European Russia, had come to Siberia to give spiritual guidance as a rabbi to the little Jewish group, composed largely of Cantonists and their descendants. (Cantonists were Jewish soldiers sent away to distant provinces where pressure was exerted upon them to join the Greek Orthodox faith.)

The artist barely remembers his father who, on some mission, died in far-away China when Abraham was only four. When Abraham was about nine, Jette Walkowitz decided that she and her four children had their fill of Siberia and might try their fortune in the *goldene medineh*—America. It took the family a little over two months to reach the port of Hamburg. Walkowitz still recalls the wearisome trek, often in sledges, sometimes through wolf-infested regions, across half of the Russian empire, and the twenty-day voyage—steerage class, of course—across the Atlantic.

The family settled on Essex Street, in the heart of the Ghetto in Lower Manhattan. There, Abraham went to school, in his spare time making a few extra pennies by selling newspapers. Nearby, on Hester Street, another immigrant family, the Epsteins, were running a bakery. One of the Epstein children, Jacob, was a boyhood friend of Abraham. When, in 1954, Walkowitz bumped into one of Jacob's brothers, Sidney, who

#### THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

had remained in America and become a dentist, the painter, referring to the Honors List of the Queen, remarked:

"Well, I see Jake is Sir Jake now."

"Pfui," said the sculptor's brother, "Jake was knighted at 102 Hester Street."

Walkowitz does not recall at what particular date in his young days he began to show interest in the arts, but he remembers that as a boy he always drew with any kind of pencil or chalk on whatever spaces were available—including floors and walls. He managed to take courses at the Cooper Union, then with a private teacher, and finally, at the age of sixteen, enrolled at the National Academy of Design, at that time located on 23rd Street. The study was exacting and many months were devoted to the intricacies of human anatomy. But for a long time Walkowitz eked out a living as a "commercial" rather than as a "fine" artist, lettering diplomas and shingles for doctors' offices. But even when he was famous, he never became rich through his art. He lacked the aggressiveness and the shrill voice required for financial success in the arts.

Living very frugally, he had saved by 1906 enough money to be able to go to Paris, where he enrolled as a student at the Academie Julian, even though by then he had a decade's experience of painting. He arrived in Paris several months after Cézanne had died, and was able to see the large Memorial Exhibition held in 1907 at the Salon d'Automne. Unlike the majority of his contemporaries, he was not baffled by these canvases:

I remember distinctly that I did not find him strange. I could not see what people had found so revolutionary in his work. I felt at home with his pictures. To me they were simple and intensely human experiences.

Back home after two years of travel in Europe, he felt lonely and frustrated. Like all American artists who had gone to Paris and had come back imbued with revolutionary ideas, he found no welcoming committee to greet him, no band to strike a march in his honor.

Today, Manhattan harbors about a hundred galleries, but a half century ago there



was only a dozen, and they would not even touch anything anti-traditional. But Walkowitz had a friend, a picture framer named Julius Haas, whose shop was located on Madison Avenue between 59th and 60th Streets. Today this is a prized location, but in the pre-World War I days no gallery existed as far "uptown" as that. Haas, like Walkowitz, an enthusiastic amateur violinist, was willing to let his friend use his basement storerooms for a show, even though he was somewhat afraid that he might lose all his customers were they to see Walkowitz' work. What the customers thought of the paintings, we shall never know, but the critics, on the whole, dismissed them as "monstrosities" (as they did a little later the work of Max Weber, who had been introduced to Haas by his colleague Walkowitz). The only voice of dissent was that of Guy Pène du Bois, himself a painter, who exclaimed, full of excitement: "A wild beast like the Fauves has arrived at the Haas Gallery!" (This was a reference to a group of Parisian painters, led by Henri Matisse, who acquired their nickname, "Wild Beasts," for transferring color, pure and strong, directly from the tubes, onto the canvas.)

There were some other anti-academic artists who recognized Walkowitz' talent, courage, and sincerity. They were Arthur M. Davies, Walt Kuhn, and Jerome Myers, organizers of the large Armory Show of 1913. They invited Walkowitz, then thirty-five, to participate with ten works. This show was to affect the entire culture of the United States. The participants declared:

Art is a sign of life. There can be no life without change, as there can be no development without change. To be afraid of what is different or unfamiliar is to be afraid of life. And to be afraid of truth is to be a champion of superstition. This exhibition is an indication that the Association of American Painters and Sculptors is against cowardice even when it takes the form of amiable self-satisfaction.

Walkowitz' most ardent champion, for a time, was the aforementioned Stieglitz, backed by a few astute critics. In 1916, after seeing a show of Walkowitz' semi-abstract

watercolors, inspired by vistas of Provincetown, Lake George, and the coast of Maine, Henry McBride wrote:

The trouble is, of course, that they are being shown at the Photo-Secession. [This was the name of Stieglitz' small and unassuming gallery.] If Walkowitz could only obtain a show somewhere further up Fifth Avenue, with heavy plush carpets on the floor and rich damask sofas to inspect them from, possibly our museum directors would have more confidence in him as an artist.

Eventually Walkowitz did get into some of the better uptown galleries, but by that time plush carpets and damask sofas had long gone out of fashion. And by now his work is owned by some of the most outstanding institutions in America, such as the Whitney Museum of Fine Arts, the Museum of Modern Art, the Metropolitan Museum (all in Manhattan), the art museums in Brooklyn, Newark, Boston, and Los Angeles, and the Duncan Philipps Gallery in Washington, D. C.

Stylistically, his work covers all stages and developments from Romanticism to Abstract art. In 1897, he painted dark, misty, romantic landscapes. One of them was done in Brownsville, today a crowded slum section of Brooklyn; but in Walkowitz' painting one sees placid cows grazing in an orchard. About 1900 his color became warmer and fresher: ruddy reds and bright yellows replaced the grays and browns.

Before his arrival in Paris he had become an Impressionist, recording the atmospheric color of the New York bay as seen from the Battery and the snow-covered Palisades as viewed from across the Hudson River. Whistler certainly would have approved of young Walkowitz' concern with the subtleties of delicate, tonal gradations. With the sojourn in Europe, the American was exposed to the bold "abstractions" of a Cézanne no less than to the color riots of the Fauves. While his palette was more varied than that of Cézanne, the color explosions of a Vlaminck were not to the taste of the much meeker, much gentler Walkowitz. Like the French rebels of his time, he loved to paint the land and the sea, but possibly because he was a Jew and because he was a

New Yorker, he nearly always put people into the center of the canvas—bathers or fishermen, young lovers relaxing on the grass in Central Park, or mothers tending their children.

These decorative, often frieze-like, paintings have lost nothing of the lyrical tenderness and naive grace that excited such critics as Willard Huntington Wright or the aforementioned MacBride. But popularly Walkowitz is better known for his drawings (often enriched by touches of water color) of East Side Jews and—a world apart—the dance of Isadora Duncan.

In the swarming East Side Walkowitz found—on each street corner, in sweatshops, in the kosher restaurants, and in the Yiddish theatres—an endless variety of picturesque types that would have thrilled a Rembrandt. It was, after all, a period when hundreds of thousands escaped from Tsarist Russia to the New World—bearded old scholars in their traditional garb as well as young, energetic, proletarian workers, Hasidim and agnostics, saints and sinners, craftsmen and traders, sages and fools. In hundreds of pen-and-ink sketches he recorded the frenzy of their facial expression, the exultation of their uninhibited gestures, unafraid of critics who would tell him that these sketches were no more than “ugly caricatures.” Whirling and swirling all over the paper, his pen (or crayon) was not concerned with any irrelevancies in the appearance of his “models.” Yet it rarely failed to record the peculiarly eloquent other-worldliness of some of those types who, however grotesque their appearance at first sight, are, at least, no stereotypes—“islands within a culture of stereotypes.”

A number of these drawings were collected in two volumes, *Ghetto Motifs* and *Faces from the Ghetto*. In his preface to the last-named book, the late philanthropist and collector, Simon L. Millner, wrote about Walkowitz’ renderings of Jewish faces:

They are the countenances of living individuals, yet each also seems to be the clue to some central meaning which never is, and never can be, fully disclosed. They seem to loom, shadowy and doubtful, out of the very mosaic of their history which Walkowitz evokes with so great a power of sugges-

#### THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

tion, now by letting a fine line wander into every crevice of the drawing as if it were intent upon capturing the tiniest secrets that he hides in the corners, now by broad flat strokes that make a face leap forth from its surroundings with a startling urgency that will brook no denial of our attention, no refusal of its demand upon our conscience. These faces seem to be invested by their full accumulation of experiences and self-consciousness. Every stroke, every shadow in these drawings is charged thereby with the most poignant significance.

It was as early as 1908 that Walkowitz first saw the unforgettable woman whose motto was, “To dance is to live.” Born in the same year—1878—Isadora was then at her height. Walkowitz and I were walking home from a lecture at the Museum of Modern Art on Juen Gris when he spoke to me about his youth and about this great woman. About her 1908 recital, at Carnegie Hall, he rhapsodized: “Her body was music!” For twenty years, until her death, Walkowitz was in love with her. It was a Platonic affair, but it was, nevertheless, the turning-point in the life of Walkowitz to whom she revealed an artistic fervor of great dignity that he had not known before. We can only repeat what has been written about her—that she succeeded in bringing a new concept of beauty to the people through the magic of dance as it had existed earlier only in ancient Greece. She never permitted the movie camera to record any of her dances, but she encouraged Walkowitz to work in her studio and offered him ample opportunity to use her as his model.

It became his privilege to create, by means of about 5,000 watercolors and drawings, a monumental collection of “snapshots,” thus preserving for posterity the fleeting visions of her art. Sketching her, the painter preferred to express himself through a few bold lines and some bits of pigment only, depending upon swift suggestion. Those of us too young ever to have seen Isadora on the stage are grateful to him for giving us at least an idea of her creations that once enchanted the world. In his swirling sketches he revealed her in every mood, in every posture, with the entire gamut of human emotions. As far from anatomical study as anything may be, these drawings and aqua-

relles recreate the sense of grace and birdlike carriage created by her dances, summarizing, as they do, with a few quick strokes of pen or brush, the lines of the figure and giving only the essentials of both the form and the movement.

It is not astonishing that Isadora's untimely and tragic death—in 1927 she was accidentally strangled by her scarf while motoring in Southern France—for a long while robbed Walkowitz of all desire to live and work.

Walkowitz had early developed a philosophical attitude towards the world which allowed him to accept calmly both the good and the bad fate had to offer. He once remarked:

Life is divided into three stages—Fear (people are afraid to have their equilibrium disturbed); Sneer (people want to ridicule that which they can't understand); Cheer (people at last accept the new and follow the lead of the understanding few).

But his thoughts about artists and art often probed much deeper into the realm of life than these maxims. Through his own statements on art Walkowitz has helped many people to penetrate to the core, to discover what is essential and what is unessential in art:

Art has nothing to do with imitation of objects. Art has its own life. One receives impressions from

contacts or objects and then new forms are born in equivalents of line and color improvisations.

He formulated the same idea in a slightly different way when he said:

I try to find an equivalent for whatever is the effect of my relation to a thing, or to a part of a thing, or to an afterthought of it. I am seeking to attune my art to what I feel to be the keynote of an experience. If it brings me a harmonious sensation, I then try to find the concrete elements that are likely to record the sensation in visual forms, in the medium of lines, of color shapes, of space divisions. When the line and color are sensitized, they seem to me alive with the rhythm which I felt in the thing that stimulated my imagination and my expression.

Walkowitz, who never married, lives with some relatives in an apartment in Brooklyn. But the weakness of his sight notwithstanding, he rides the subway almost every day to visit the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney Museum of American Art (in which there are many of his works) or some of the private galleries on Madison Avenue and 57th Street. Hats off to this brave little man with the big smile who, at the rare age of eighty, enjoys what life has to offer, and has retained a certain humility and simplicity even though he is well aware of the considerable contributions he has made to Jewish art and, above and beyond it, to the art of our century.

## UNDER THE GEORGIA SUN

By GEORGE ROSS RIDGE

When I, pale Scot two hundred years removed,  
Drive with cooked brains beneath the rotting sun  
And see black cotton-earthen men too much loved  
With red clay cracking in the Georgia sun  
And read the Negro mask of twisted hate  
Beside the Saxon mask of unconcern  
And watch the lustful nights miscegenate  
With violence and shamefaced mornings burn  
With crime then I awake and wonder why:  
Tradition? fear? lust? jealousy? or pride?  
But words explain and explanations lie.  
The words are dreams and dreams and men have died.  
—The Georgia sun has struck us with its hand,  
And crazed hate black and white burns in the land.

# Social Patterns of an American Group

By PAUL H. VISHNY

THE MANY PREDICTIONS which persons have made about the Jews in America range from absolute faith in survival to assertions of great, if not complete, assimilation. Those who prophesy ought to do so out of an understanding of what has come before and what now transpires on the stage of Israel's long history. All who are concerned, whether engaged in the hazards of prediction or not, will welcome the appearance of *THE JEWS: Social Patterns of an American Group*, edited by Marshall Sklare.\* This volume contains a series of studies touching upon the Jews in America with helpful and well-considered editorial introductions. The essays are not all important, nor are they all of great value. Yet this book is important not only for what it contains, but also for what it suggests and for what it does not contain. While there have been other studies which merit inclusion in a book such as this, it is disturbing to realize how much we simply do not know about ourselves. The fact that Dr. Sklare has made organized attempts to fill the gaps in our knowledge is, in itself, of no little significance.

This volume is not, nor does the editor represent it to be, a sociology of the Jews in America. Nevertheless, from the studies of demography, community, religion, psychological considerations, and value orientations which are included, one can form some conclusions, albeit imperfect, about the Jewish community in America.

America represents an abrupt break with past Jewish experience. Jews live in a country of unprecedented economic and educational opportunity, removed from both the autonomous Jewish community and the violent outbreaks of anti-Jewish feeling of the past. There has been a radical transfor-

mation of the historic Jewish community which had its beginning in Europe. On the other hand, as Ben Halpern skillfully points out in the chapter entitled "America Is Different," many of the movements in which the European Jew saw an answer to Christian hatreds have lost their vibrant luster. This is not to imply that Christian hostility is only a page in Jewish history—it remains a living, potent disease. But the great struggle for emancipation and opportunity which took place in Europe is absent here.

The Jews of America, immigrants or the children of immigrants, have ascended the economic ladder with tremendous speed. They are almost always of the middle class, sharing, or striving to attain, middle class virtues.

Whether or not this will continue, the Jew is still the product of values which have historically been associated with his group. The devotion to learning, the non-rejection of the material world, the sensitive feeling for *Klal Yisroel*, the unity of Jewry, the ideas of kindness and a faith in the future have all made their mark on the entire community. It is, of course, difficult adequately to trace the causes of human actions and to know whether they reflect historical necessities or group values. From the study by Lawrence H. Fuchs on "Sources of Jewish Internationalism and Liberalism" and from the paper of Werner Cohn on "The Politics of American Jews," one can conclude that they are probably the result of both. It is not unrealistic, therefore, to attribute Jewish participation in liberal activities, and particularly in the on-going struggle for freedom and equality, in great measure to these historic Jewish values. These values have also enabled the Jew to become primarily a middle-class American who most

\* The Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois. 669 pp. \$10.00.



usually earns his living in a self-owned business, managerial position, or profession. Traditional Jewish values have thus far had their favorable impact on the rate of juvenile delinquency and intoxication within the group.

For the person who earnestly desires the existence of the Jewish people, the more important fact is not how far the Jew has wandered, or even fled, from the direction of what had been Jewish history. It is a careful analysis of where the Jew has stopped that is of greatest importance. It is most significant that the transformations within Jewish life have thus far been just that—within Jewish life. The overwhelming majority of Jews do not want to be called by any other name. They do not wish to be other than Jewish. It is due to the will to survive as Jews, consciously and unconsciously, that communal life comes into being, first and always in the informal social structure, but also in the formal institutions. The strong social relations which Jews enter into with each other and the institutionalized community are the vehicles by which identity becomes warm, human, and familiar. They are the means by which the name Jew is bestowed upon the future. They also reflect, however, the fact that Jews are not accepted socially by the Christian majority. A great number of social clubs, fraternities, and organizations, particularly those having great status significance, are closed to Jews. This is one of the significant considerations in contemporary Jewish life. However, except for a distinct minority, the desire to survive translates itself into support of a great many and diverse institutions in the United States and abroad, including the State of Israel.

The devotion which Jews bear to the State of Israel is one of unusual strength among the peoples of the world. The Jew in America, unlike others who have immigrated to this country, is devoted to the State of Israel not only because it is the country from which he or his ancestors have come, but because it is the land to which his brothers have gone. The loyalty precedes the foundation of the State and is thus able to tran-

scend it. The very existence of the State and the desire of the Jew for survival are based on a common memory and a shared concern for the future.

Nevertheless, the attitude of the American Jew towards Israel has not received adequate consideration in this volume. While the conclusions reached in *A Study of Jewish Attitudes toward the State of Israel* by Dr. Sklare and Benjamin B. Ringer (made about ten years ago) would seem valid today, one would like to know in greater detail how the first decade of the State's history has affected Jewish life.

The organized Jewish community is complex, with a host of national and local organizations. Most of the organizations participate in fund-raising activities which, to a degree at least, seem to have become among the most important communal activities. It may not be presumptuous to say that the raising of money is the communal activity which has captured to the greatest degree the energies and devotion of most participating Jews. In the face of such a network of organizational life, one would look in vain for unity within the group. No voice can adequately speak for the Jews, a fact which must at times confuse the non-Jewish world. Here, too, one would welcome more information in this book about ourselves. Dr. Sklare has pointed out some of the deficiencies in our knowledge. Other questions, not posed by the editor, also require discussion. To what extent do Jews participate in communal and cultural affairs? What impact, if any, has the increase in fund-raising since World War II had upon the values of the community? What would be an accurate description of the increasingly important professional in the community — his attitudes, education, or status? What are the nature and extent of the activities of major Jewish organizations? What makes for unity and disunity within the community?

There is one institution, however, which seems to occupy a central position — the synagogue. Perhaps because of the circumstances of American life which appear more willing to grant recognition to religious dif-

ferences than to differences based on national or ethnic origin, and the understanding of the Jew that survival is somehow inextricably bound up with the religious memory and requirements of Jewish faith, the synagogue has become the focal point for group life. This is not to say, however, that traditional Jewish religion, with its emphasis on personal piety and commitment to an all-inclusive way of life, is central. Except for the high holidays and a few occasions associated with death, social life and minimal group identification (such as the Bar Mitzvah and education of the child), the synagogue as a religious institution is virtually irrelevant to most Jews. This is to say that there is little participation in the religious functions of the synagogue. Thus there comes about the interesting phenomenon elsewhere described by Dr. Sklare as ethnic survival under the legitimization of religion. If one calls this secularism, it by no means brings to mind the avowed and even militant secular groups in the Yiddish-speaking community or the many persons who have attempted to formulate cogent, systematic views of Jewish life along secular lines. There is rather an effortless but strongly instinctive and emotional will to go on as Jews, without many substantial differences in life, language, or thought from the non-Jewish world.

These considerations account for some of the other facts which are described in this book. Jerome E. Carlin and Saul H. Mendlovitz, in a paper entitled "The American Rabbi: A Religious Specialist Responds to Loss of Authority," suggest that the scholar-saint role will re-emerge and become, as in the past, the "most characteristic rabbinic role." It is not entirely apparent that this is so. There has been a radical transformation of the place of the rabbinate in Jewish life which has been recently described by Dr. Robert Gordis as an institution the functions of which "have undergone so far-reaching a transformation in modern times that it may be said to represent virtually a new calling."

The group itself, or at least the younger members of the group, evolve what is de-

scribed as a "child-oriented" community. In the excellent study by Herbert J. Gans "The Origin and Growth of a Jewish Community in the Suburbs: A Study of the Jews of Park Forest," the child-oriented community is said to be one where the "community's organizational energy is focused almost exclusively around the children's . . . needs of Jewish children (as perceived by the parents) while at the same time most of the adults abstain from religious-cultural activities and involvement in the community." This is unlike the Jewish community as it was formerly constituted—i.e., where activities centered about the adults, and the children were trained to learn and grow into the adults' role. Perhaps one could call the community an "identity-survival oriented" community. Only whatever is deemed necessary to transmit the name Jew to the next generation, with or without conscious historic content and meaning, is sufficient. Thus it is that such a community, while "child-oriented" in its Jewish life, is not "children-oriented." That is, it is meant to provide only for the young child. One cannot find the same support or desire in such a community for education for teen-agers. At the latter age the adult-type (social) functions will suffice. The logical result is a conflict between the uninvolved parent and the would-be involving rabbi and religious school. Whether another result can or will be the rise of a community of religiously and culturally participating Jews who have been made the object of this orientation in their childhood is a matter of conjecture.

The formal system of education, which was but hinted at in this volume, is also a most important part of any study of the Jews. Indeed, to the committed Jew, it is probably the most important part. Here it is that one discovers some of the most distressing facts about American Jewish life, and here it is that one must place his hope for the future.

Elementary Jewish education, which today rests primarily in the hands of the synagogue, reaches an ever-increasing number of children. However, those not reached at all

form an unfortunately large group. Furthermore, most children are withdrawn from the system of formal education at such an early age that they cannot be called educated by any reasonable standard. If there are encouraging signs of more education for the teenage and college-age groups, there remains a herculean task for the Jewish educator, who is yet to attain a status commensurate with his responsibility within the community.

There are, however, some important movements in Jewish education which constitute an encouraging part of any appraisal of American Jewry. Among these one must count the summer camps and the day schools, particularly the latter. If the number of youth who attend these institutions seems small in proportion to the total school-age population, the quality of Jewish instruction which they receive is likely to cause them to be the future leaders among those Jews who will participate in Jewish communal life.

There are factors in contemporary Jewish life which should give pause to the overly confident optimist. A smaller birth rate will probably decrease the proportionate size of the Jewish group. Many Jewish intellectuals and professionals are discontented with the community and have withdrawn from participation. Indeed, the total number of active adult participants is not what it should be. The dangers of assimilation should not be underestimated. If the synagogue were to reflect correctly the content of its members' homes, it would also be indistinguishable from the non-Jewish world. The incidence of conflict among American religious groups is increasing and is likely to place some stress on the Jewish community.

This is not to say, on the other hand, that the only alternative to an exaggerated optimism is despair. Certainly the will for survival and identity and the increases in synagogue membership which accompany it, make up the raw matter out of which can emerge a revived, mature Jewish people. No ideology has yet been able to capture the loyalties of the people. In the adult study groups, and summer-month institutes, and

other Jewish activities, one does discern a good deal of talk about Judaism and Jewish life. Talk is the way in which the group searches out an ideology for itself. The searching may either precede or disclose a commitment to some form of creative survival.

One must wait to see, however, not only what Jews will say about themselves, but what they will do about the claim of the Jewish heritage upon them. It is in the prospect that the talk will translate itself into life that one finds faith in the future.



Supplication

EDITH HELLMAN

... I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is Hell. . . .

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

# *Sticks and Stones*

By A. JAMES TAYLOR

ANDY SAT ON THE CURB clutching a harmonica wrapped in red paper, and he watched the house across the street. From bare feet planted expectantly on the gutter paving, to the crown of a stubbled head, he was as clean and shiny as an ebony book-end. Even the patches on his knickers sported a crispness of recent soap and water. "You just go to that white boy's party and strut!" That's what his mammy said. Now he was sitting on a curb, watching the house across the street — waiting for Bobby to call him over. . . .

Bobby was his friend. He'd said, "Andy, when you get there, you just wait out in front and I'll call you when to come over. Mom don't like for me to play with Darkies, but it's my party. . . ."

Bobby was his friend and the harmonica wrapped in red paper was for him.

Across the street children played together — laughed together. There was a big hedge around the yard and in places where the hedge didn't grow so close, Andy could watch the children play. Once he thought he saw Bobby. He was all ready to jump up and run over—but then he guessed it wasn't Bobby after all.

It was quiet up and down the street and it was quiet there on the curb. But across the street, laughter and shrieks tumbled over the yard gate, spilled between the gaps in the hedge, and Andy heard this through the quietness.

He sat with his feet in the gutter and with his bare toes he began pushing stones and sticks around and made designs in the silky dust. He drew a circle around two white pebbles. The pebbles represented him and Bobby, and the circle was a lot of mean bandits. He gathered other pebbles and threw them at different parts of the circle. When he'd thrown one, he'd jab out sav-

agely with his finger, "POW! POW!" and thus he would shoot the bandits. It was a wonderful fight until Bobby got hurt. He got wounded pretty badly and Andy had to fight for both of them.

The two pebbles were close together now for Andy was protecting his friend. "Don't worry, Bobby. I'll kill them all. Then I'll carry you to a doctor." He was on his knees down in the street and he held his hand straight out, squinting along his arm and using the red package as a gun. "POW! POW!" The little circle was forgotten as he fought with bandits behind trees and parked cars. "POW! I got him, Bobby! POW! POW!" Then he pointed up in the air and he shot at planes and rocket ships that came out from all over. And he had to move around fast to keep his body between the enemy and his wounded friend. "Watch out, Bobby! Look at this one! Ah-a-a-a-a-a-ak! I got him, Bobby!"

A little girl started giggling at the gate across the street and Andy got hurriedly to his feet. He stood with a sheepish grin on his face and watched the girl. She was dressed frilly and pink and she was calling to other children and pointing at Andy. Andy stood there grinning. "See the funny little nigger boy!" The girl in the pink dress laughed and pointed and other children crowded at the gate to stare at Andy. "Look! He's got pockets on his knees!" Andy tried hard to laugh. He looked down at the patches on his knickers and grinned some more. Then somebody that appeared a lot like Bobby pulled the little girl in the pink dress away from the gate and right after that the other children left.

Andy sat down on the curb. He guessed it wasn't time yet for Bobby to call him over.

The children were playing with a big ball that Andy could see sometimes through the



hedge and sometimes when it was thrown way up higher than the hedge. It was a pretty ball with lots of colors, and when it came down, eager arms reached and children would laugh and jump. If he was there, he bet he could catch the ball nearly every time. He was the best jumper in his class and that was an easy old ball to catch.

Then Andy stopped watching the ball. He picked up a stick and idly re-etched the line of the circle. The pebbles were gone and he found two more to put in the center. A white one—that was Bobby—and a dark one. . . .

But he was tired of shooting bandits and anyway, the circle looked like a big pie. It looked like the pie his mammy had just baked at home. "You don't take none of this pie now, 'cause when you gets to that party, you gonna fill your belly with white folks' cooking." Andy thought hungrily about that pie. 'Course, at Bobby's party they were going to have lots of things besides pie. But he bet it wasn't no better than that pie of his mammy's. He wished he had just a little of that pie right now.

In the yard, children's voices formed a sudden accumulative shriek and Andy looked up in time to see the big ball sail over the hedge and come bounding across the street. He jumped up, neatly grabbed the ball and ran to the hedge. Some boys came out of the gate and when Andy poised to throw the ball to one, another ran around behind him and knocked the ball from his hands. One of the boys grabbed the ball and then they all ran back into the yard, leaving Andy alone in the street.

He stood there for a minute and listened to everybody play and watched them play through the hedge. Then slowly he walked back to the other side of the street and sat down on the curb. Those boys didn't know he was invited to the party. But Bobby would tell them. That was for sure.

Andy sat there clutching the harmonica wrapped in red paper that he was going to give to Bobby. Across the street in the yard children played, and out on the street, play-

ful little eddies of wind swirled the loose dust and fallen leaves. It was becoming harder to see what they were doing in the yard. It was getting a little dark now. A little cold. He thought maybe if he would go over to the gate and give the present to Bobby, well, Bobby would ask him inside the yard. He wouldn't mind the cold if he could just run and catch that big ball.

He had just about made up his mind to go over to the gate and give Bobby the harmonica when a lady rapped—loud—on a window and all the children ran up the back stairs into the house. Andy thought he saw Bobby going up the stairs, but he wasn't sure. It was getting darker now—colder—and he wished Bobby would hurry up and call him over.

Through the front window he could see children sitting around a big table with bright, different-colored things on their heads and heaps of different-colored things on the table. Andy wondered if Bobby would mind if he played the harmonica a little while he waited. It was getting mighty cold now, and he sure did wish Bobby would hurry up and call him over. Bobby was his friend. . . .



*Mother and Child*

JACOB EPSTEIN

# Notes on Northwest Jewry

By ALFRED APSLER

MORE THAN HALF a century ago, when young Stephen Wise was offered the pulpit of Temple Beth Israel in Portland, Oregon, friends and family members counseled against acceptance. Why, they argued, should a promising young man with such an obvious store of talent bury himself in primitive country so far from the centers of Jewish life?

There were some good reasons for these warnings which the fiery rabbi, by the way, did not heed. The few important cities of the Pacific Northwest contained only a handful of Jews, about one per cent of the total population. Since then the ratio has hardly changed. Today roughly 10,000 Jews reside in Seattle, 6,000 in Portland, and precarious clusters of families are scattered throughout the countryside.

But the pitifully small number is no indication of spiritual sterility or cultural barrenness. True, the old Oregon Territory seems to engulf the new arrival from the Eastern ghetto with a particularly enticing aroma of welcome. He responds to the heart-warming friendliness with a grateful desire to assimilate to the new-home community. But at the same time, he asserts his religious ties frankly and proudly. He builds super-modern synagogues and Jewish centers. He even finds new ways to express his Judaism, but these ways always look more liberal, more New Worldish than those of the relatives who stayed behind on the Hudson River.

At the recent anniversary celebration of a Portland synagogue the central theme was not taken from the world of Sholem Aleichem, but from the Western forest. Paul Bunyan, the legendary mountain-sized logger, who, with his giant double-bladed axe and his companion, Babe, the Blue Ox, symbolizes local folklore and economic en-

terprise, was the main character featured in the decorations and in the historical pageant. Participants were clad in homespun pioneer garb that had been the latest fashion in covered-wagon days.

In Walla Walla or Corvallis a Jewish joke has to be carefully explained before anything like the desired rapport can be established. Grandpa might still subscribe to his Yiddish newspaper from New York, but for the rest of the family the characters could just as well be Greek or Chinese.

The Oregon Territory was practically empty until the backwash of the California gold rush reached its lush valleys. Some fortune hunters whose bags were full of yellow nuggets, and others who had "gone broke" before striking pay-dirt turned their eyes northward where the land was always green and lots could be had from the government for the asking.

Among the arrivals was a sprinkling of young Jewish men, many still in their teens. They were recent immigrants from small towns in Bavaria and Bohemia. Without graduating from "gymnasium" or finishing a trade apprenticeship, they had run away from the dismal post-Napoleonic home conditions. Now they were ready to tackle anything that promised thrill and reward.

Moses Fried erected a shack on his donation land in the fertile Willamette Valley and started the first country store of the area. It soon became the social center for the scattered white settlers and the scene of ceremonious barter with the Indians. Not far away, in Eugene, the only metal box that could be padlocked stood in Goodman Bettman's store. It served the homesteaders as depository for their valuables till the first bank eventually relieved him of this responsibility. Louis Fleischer ran supply mule trains through trackless woods to distant

mining camps. He also read letters and newspapers, many months old, to illiterate prospectors who, otherwise, were completely secluded from the outside world.

The Jewish country storekeeper became an important folk figure in the tiny pioneer communities vying in popularity with the circuit rider and the mountain sheriff. Before the nineteenth century was over, the list of Jewish small-town mayors, city treasurers, state legislators, and postmasters had grown remarkably long. The city of Portland, organized only in 1845, had two Jewish mayors before reaching the age of thirty and a third one early in the current century. Julius Meier was one of the ablest governors, and Richard Neuberger is today the second senator of the Jewish faith sent by Oregonians to the nation's capital.

Busily running pack-trains, assaying gold dust, and navigating river boats, the boys with the heavy Teutonic accent had not much time nor inclination for matters of the spirit. Nevertheless, around the holiday season their loneliness and emotional emptiness cried out for some kind of religious experience. Minyans assembled in hastily pitched tents, in log cabins, shuttered stores, and rented lodge halls. Religious training was as sketchy as secular schooling, but somebody was usually found who could chant the prayers untroubled by expert criticism.

Organized Judaism secured its first foothold north of California and west of the Great Divide when Congregation Beth Israel of Portland was founded in 1858, one year before Oregon became a state of the Union. Services were first held in a bare room above a blacksmith shop and livery stable by the water-front. Portland was then a noisy river port and supply base for minor gold rushes where saloons and bawdy houses far outnumbered the places of worship.

In 1869 a second congregation, Ahavai Sholom, was started by a few secessionists. It soon became known as the "Polnishe Shul," in contrast to Beth Israel, the "Daitsche Shul." The German element controlled affairs in the older synagogue in the

same grand-seigneurial fashion that it displayed in civic and philanthropic matters. The Fleischners, Lowenbergs, and Goldsmiths had, in the meantime, built imposing mansions on the west side of town. From there they looked down on what they felt with pride and self-assurance was "their" city.

With affluence and a growing sense of belonging came the desire to bring grace and refinement to the crude Northwest. Jews became prominent in every conceivable cultural endeavor. The great ambition was to equal San Francisco, which was considered the model civilized community. Pilgrimages to the Bay City were regular events on the social calendar. There they went to honeymoon, to recuperate, to visit numerous relatives. From there they took home inspiration and new ideas.

Schools became a major concern of the men who, in their youth, had succeeded in staying away from them. For many years Portland had a Jewish parochial school with a full general curriculum in addition to Hebrew and German. As the status of public education was still rather low, Beth Israel School was patronized by Jew and Gentile alike. But all the while, the Jewish segment fervently championed public schools on all levels.

In the eighties the dreary stream of Russian immigration began to send some rivulets as far as the Pacific Northwest. Within a few years the texture of Northwest Jewry changed radically under the impact. For the first time tiny Jewish neighborhoods sprang up in Seattle's crowded harbor district and on Portland's grimy Second Street. The loggers out of the woods for a riotous week-end curiously ogled little knots of bearded men in caftans and broad-brimmed black hats.

Portland's Judaeo-German elite rose to the challenge. Deep inroads were made into the assets of the First Hebrew Benevolent Society. On Second Street rose Neighborhood House, a settlement in the Jane Addams tradition, designed to guide the bewildered newcomers on the road of Americanization. But after the established group

had reached for the pocket book it rang down a curtain of social aloofness. For some time, the leaders of Beth Israel frowned upon the idea of sharing their sanctuary with the less cultured brethren from the wrong side of town. In the realm of recreation, the Concordia Club, resplendent with its debutante balls and stag dinners, was the undisputed preserve of the Teutonic upper crust. If nothing else, the intentionally staggering membership fees kept the undesirable elements out.

But within a few short years the proverbial melting pot obliterated the caste system. Second Street lost its inhabitants to the well-landscaped suburbs. Neighborhood House had to revamp its program and is now serving a predominantly non-Jewish clientele. From junk-wagons and hole-in-the-wall pawnshops the breadwinners graduated to reputable furniture and jewelry stores. One of the haughtiest defenders of Beth Israel's purity was humbled to see his own son court and eventually marry a maiden who had come from the Russian Pale.

With the disappearance of the East-West cleavage the once bewildering profusion of

competing Jewish organizations became superfluous. The lordly Concordia Club closed its doors, and Portland's four B'nai B'rith lodges consolidated into one over the outraged protests of the old die-hards.

In the mild climate of the timbered Cascade slopes traditions wear off easily, yet Judaism keeps affirming itself with youthful vigor. The rabbinate, as well as Jewish lay leaders, spearhead the struggle for social progress. In the communities of the Northwest the typically American inter-faith movement has found some of its leading pioneers.

Today synagogue attendance is better than ever. In the crowded Religious School sessions modern educational methods are employed, having been discussed first in professional-minded teachers' seminars. The old Talmudic disputations have been replaced by adult education courses in the great books of Judaism and in comparative religion.

A comfortable middle-class group, Northwest Jewry is, on the whole, a well-adjusted lot, remarkably free from the painful frustrations that elsewhere befall minority groups.

## POEM, 1958

By FAYE CHILCOTE WALKER

*If I were Hope, I'd dedicate my life  
To that same world which, if I were Despair,  
I'd turn my back upon—like any wife  
Who, having been repulsed, had ceased to care.*

*If I were Faith, I'd lead the faithless back  
Into the paths of righteousness; if I  
Were Justice, I would paint the white man black,  
And flay his eardrums with the black man's cry.*

*If I were Peace, I'd pay a friendly call  
Upon the world that had rejected me,  
And make a bivouac of its entrance hall  
Until it forcibly ejected me.*

*If I were Mercy, Charity or Love,  
I'd storm the doors of Greed, and there remain  
Until all hearts had grasped the meaning of  
My presence in their palaces of pain.*

*If I were Death, I'd look Fear's number up—  
She to be judged of God, along with Hate—  
For Prejudice—who else?—my hemlock cup—  
Reserving for Unkindness my most inexorable fate!*



# BOOKS

Books reviewed in this issue may be purchased at the regular price through the Book Service Department of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, 179 West Washington St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

*The SS: Alibi of a Nation, 1922-1945*, by Gerald Reitlinger. Viking Press. 502 pp. \$6.50.

Whoever had the misfortune of living in Nazi-occupied Europe recalls the hissing sounds of those two short letters, S S, which frightened even the calmest individual into a state of utmost tension. S S stood for Schutz-Staffeln, protection squads—a name that by itself revealed little about the character of the black-uniformed, black-booted militia, often referred to, in American reports, by the absurd term “Elite Guards.” Originally, their sole task had been *schuetzen*, to protect Hitler from hecklers, when the Fuehrer mounted the soap-boxes in Munich. They may have been an “elite” in the ’thirties, when they were carefully screened to assure absolute “racial purity” of themselves and their wives, and designated as the progenitors of a future Aryan super-race. But whatever the original composition and task of the S S, it is now justly remembered as a mass of murderers, recruited from nearly all nations of Europe. Of the half million men who, at the end of the hostilities, wore the insignia of the S S on their uniforms, the overwhelming majority were non-Germans. If, in 1922, the S S was Hitler’s private bodyguard, made up of a few professional strong men, Heinrich Himmler, years later, transformed it into a veritable army that could crush the “inner foe” with the ruthlessness of the juggernaut.

While a prisoner of the Dachau Concentration Camp, I had, of course, daily “contacts” with S S men, who were the camp administrators, doctors, and guards. But I did not then know that S S functions also included Germanic archaeology, ancestral research, alchemy, astrology, the forging of foreign currency, the management of night-

clubs outside Germany, and other unexpected activities aimed at accelerating the Reich’s ideological and political world conquest. Mr. Reitlinger gives full credit to the demoniacal versatility of the S S, omitting only one detail that will startle even those hardened to the most lunatic revelations: the S S established a department of witchcraft, earnestly and methodically investigating the use of black magic to kill off Hitler’s enemies. . . .

That after a flood of books on the Third Reich the present volume still offers material likely to “enrich” the British and American reader’s view of the 1922-1945 era proves that there is no end to learning the essential facts concerning the phenomenon of Hitlerism, and that the further away we get from it, the better we can see it in its totality. Perhaps the best thing Reitlinger does is to destroy one false notion after another. Some of the newly gained bits of knowledge may contribute to a further indictment of the nation that let the S S grow and others may turn into accusations of non-German groups.

For instance, discussing the Nazi era with a German, one is bound to hear, concerning the atrocities committed against Jews, Poles, Russians, and others, that S S, solely, was responsible for these crimes. Such a statement is often made in good faith. Even an anti-Nazi like Ulrich von Hassell, who lost his life after the abortive anti-Hitler plot of July, 1944, held the S S guilty of the reign of terror in Poland. Undoubtedly, the S S were always the spearhead of terror. Yet this book shows that many German agencies cooperated in opposing the defeated Poles, and that the number of the S S in Poland was relatively small—“so small that their numbers must be compared very critically indeed with the magnitude of the performance be-

fore a famous alibi is once again accepted." After 1945, to make the now defunct S S the scapegoat became the convenient expedient, yet . . . "the men who carried out the forcible deportations and resettlements in Poland, though passed off as S S, were in fact pre-Nazi policemen; and they carried out the worst part of the work."

A theory which finds great vogue in today's Germany runs to the effect that the S S, instead of being condemned as criminals, ought to be treated with respect and even gratitude for their important role in Germany's war against the Bolsheviks. Without a discussion of the premises of this argument, it should be noted that the strictly military contribution of the S S to Hitler's victories was not spectacular, and that whatever acts of "heroism" might be credited to the S S were made by non-German members who continued to fight fanatically even when the war seemed lost, because, unlike the German-born S S men, they had only a choice between being killed on the battlefield or being shot as traitors by firing squads in their own country.

But Mr. Reitlinger is far from denying that the S S excelled all other groups in the art of torturing victims, even though it could not have wiped out millions of innocents without active help from other, numerically much larger, units (in the winter of 1940, Germany had seven million regular soldiers, but as yet only 80,000 S S members). It may not be possible to prove that S S leader Dirlwanger (who may be alive, and may even be working for Nasser) entertained his fellow-officers with the death throes of Jewish girls he had injected with strychnine. But the book is full of other tales, no less ghoulish and ghastly, that have been checked and found to be unquestionably true.

Did nobody protest? Reitlinger found the record of high-ranking army men to have been pretty poor. But if not a single general resigned his command in May, 1940 to object to the naked aggression he served, why should there be any quibble when Jews and Poles were being murdered? The military governor of Poland, Colonel General Johannes Blaskowitz, and Field Marshal Walter von Reichenau carried in their pockets memoranda citing the S S excesses. They

never reached Hitler. General Erich Hoepfner, later hanged for his part in the plot of 1944, called S S leader Eicke a "butcher"; but, after all, Eicke sacrificed the lives, not of East Europeans, but of German soldiers, in useless battles.

Reitlinger scrutinizes the story of anti-Hitler resistance, and while he concedes that there were many honest and truly heroic men among the plotters, he reminds us of the proverb about "the company one keeps," for there were some doubtful S S characters associated with them: for instance, S S General Count von Helldorf, who in 1938 had taken part in the Berlin pogroms "with a gusto that angered even Goebbels," and is believed to have organized the massacre of Jews at Kharkov in October, 1941. Then there was S S General Artur Nebe, who headed an extermination group responsible for 42,000 executions. Would these men have shared power had the bomb of July, 1944 succeeded in killing Hitler? If so, it was a blessing that the coup d'etat failed, and that Russia and the West could not blunder into recognizing a Reich still very powerful, and even without Hitler still Fascist and evil.

Having exploded Germany's standard excuse for all pillage and murder—"blame it on the S S"—the author coolly examines the record of the West. Alas, the West did not display perturbation about S S butchery so long as the victims were East Europeans. They did not think that the S S would ever hurt Westerners. An S S unit machine-gunned British prisoners, yet when the sole survivor reached England, his report met with astonishment:

No one in British military circles believed his story even in 1943. Atrocities were something that happened only in Russia and Poland. . . . It was only after the murder of eighty-three American prisoners at the Malmedy cross-roads in December, 1944 that a peculiar illusion died. This was the illusion that the special standards of warfare of the Waffen SS were only intended for the races whom Himmler did not recognize as *Herrenvolk*.

It is amazing how many Frenchmen, Belgians, Dutch, and Norwegians joined the military formations of the S S out of a species of naive pan-European idealism, fostered by the S S leaders who told these foreigners that they were, first of all, Europeans defending the values of Western civilization against Asiatic Bolshevism. But it is more

discouraging to find even today people who cannot understand that Hitler's Reich was nothing but a conspiracy of criminals, as exemplified by the S S. Such people would have liked to see Germany hold out in the East to enable the West to win the race with Russia: "Those who think so," Reitlinger warns, "would do well to reflect that, had Hitler retained his hold on South-Eastern Europe till the end of the war, the gas chambers would have claimed at the very least another half million victims." Moreover, we might add that the post-war world would have looked even worse than it looks today had there been any "collusion" between Nazi Germany and the West, with all the resulting moral contamination.

Mr. Reitlinger, a British Jew, author of *The Final Solution*, a volume dealing with Hitler's war against the Jews, has now given us here a carefully documented, lucidly written study of great historical value. Of immediate practical use is the 20-page appendix, giving very brief biographies of the major personalities, both Nazi and anti-Nazi, mentioned in the book. One is upset to learn how many top leaders have been released from prison in the last few years, and how many others completely disappeared in 1945 to elude justice. If there is anything in the book that might be criticized, it is Reitlinger's contempt for the S S leaders, reminiscent of the attitude of liberals before and even after 1933 to Hitler they dismissed as a fool. If the S S had really been composed of "elderly schoolboys and night-club thugs," it would not have been able to terrorize, first, the literate and intelligent German nation, and thereafter twelve other European nations. Himmler may have been a vulgar crank, but Reitlinger erred in calling this monster mediocre. Indeed, had the S S leaders appeared as inefficient, amateurish misfits as they appear to Reitlinger, the Germans would have had some sort of negotiable "alibi." But long before the fatal March of 1933 it should have been clear to the German nation that all they might expect from men like Heydrich and Himmler would be a Gruendlichkeit and Schrecklichkeit compared to which all the fury of the French Revolution would be child's play.

ALFRED WERNER

**OUR MOST CONTROVERSIAL  
AUTHOR**

**Studied — Analyzed — Portrayed**

**The Novels of  
WALDO FRANK**

by

**WILLIAM BITTNER**

*For sale in all book stores*

**\$500**

**University of Pennsylvania Press**

3436 WALNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA 4, PA.

*The Novels of Waldo Frank*, by William Bittner. University of Pennsylvania Press. 222 pp. \$5.00.

William Bittner, who is assistant Professor of English at Fairleigh Dickinson University, has here set out to evaluate a highly controversial personality in the stream of literary history. What is Waldo Frank's place in this milieu? And how has he achieved that position? For the the present decade Frank is, if not passé, certainly obscured, static, and completed. The author found by investigation that a fresh appraisal was highly worthwhile. The question then arose as to what facet of Frank's work should come under such critical examination. Among those aspects of his work presenting themselves were the following: his literary influence, his critical contributions, and his reception abroad, particularly in Latin America.

The author ultimately limited the terms of reference to Frank's novels. For his purpose Bittner went beyond the textual content into the field of creative material, somewhat along the lines of Lowes' study of "Kubla Khan":

I have tried to discover and select facts about Waldo Frank, his materials, and the result of the contact between these two things that would illumi-

nate the artist, the creative process, and the work of art.

The scheme of this monograph is an introductory chapter outlining Waldo Frank the man, followed by detailed studies of his dozen novels and short stories. There is a survey of academic life, Harvard and Switzerland, Greenwich Village, editorial work, play-writing, designs for contes, and other creative matter. In a sense these studies are a commentary on the progression of American fiction, both novel and periodical, during these last few decades. The dissections are uniformly competent, although in some instances there is a rather doctrinaire tone, an academic, ex cathedra finality about some of the judgments, and, on occasion, an evident heightening of Frank's significance, possibly beyond warrant.

With an eye on future literary historians and critical studies, Bittner describes not only the fictional matter, motifs, and intent of the novelist, but the personal and circumstantial details surrounding each particular work. This analysis is particularly well done in the case of *The Death and Birth of David Markand*. The symphonic features of Frank's novels, their analogies with the variations in his own spiritual and emotional life, the intertwining of reality with a greater creative reality are brought out with commendable lucidity. Most dominant in the public mind, although subject to violent criticism at the time, is *Bridgehead*, that predicated a mutual obligation between Israel and its subjects. Bittner sums up rather categorically:

... it seems hardly likely that he will not be considered a great originator in the novel. . . . He is a philosopher so creative that he had to use an art form—the novel—to express his vision; and when he found that form inadequate to his purpose, created a new form to suit his new conception.

We cannot quarrel with the expression of this summation, but we still strongly question the inherent meritoriousness of the subject. And, of course, there is a *petitio principii* in stating that Frank found the form inadequate. He did so, unquestionably, because his own creative faculties did not transcend that form. In this full-length study the author has achieved his purpose—to place Waldo Frank's fiction in its appropriate perspective.

HARRY E. WEDECK

#### THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

*Majority of One*, by Sydney J. Harris. Regnery. 305 pp. \$3.75.

Sydney J. Harris' *Majority of One* consists of himself reprinted between hard covers from the editorial pages of the *Chicago Daily News*.

At best, the job of the daily columnist must be a difficult one. Harris' way of coping is to rely more on the personal essay than on timely (and ephemeral) comment. Because his pieces are not pegged to a passing event, the subjects are still as good as ever the next day, or the next year. The subjects do not evaporate, and Harris' essays read as well in a book as they do fresh off a newspaper press. Harris makes good use of his command of one of the few places where the reflective personal essay still appears in a hurried, impersonal age.

The subdivisions of this collection are as follows: "Of the Social Animal," "Of the Mind and Passions," "Of Customs and Taboos," "Of Infants and Children," "Of the Fine and Vulgar Arts," "Of the Life of the Spirit," "Of Words and Phrases," and "Purely Personal Prejudices." These titles provide an accurate classification of the varied subjects dealt with here and a listing of the directions in which Harris' mind is accustomed to move. In all these fields, Harris is thoughtful enough to be interesting and popular enough to be readily intelligible.

Each person will have his favorite section in *Majority of One*. It is entirely in keeping with the unembarrassed and candid idealism that pervades this book to say that this reviewer's favorite is "Of the Life of the Spirit." Here one finds general statements of the generous, perceptive, sensitive point of view from which this columnist writes on any and all subjects.

A highly successful technique is, of course, among the requirements for anyone who writes five columns a week. Over-all brevity and short paragraphs are typographical necessities. Any elaborate build-up is out of the question. The essay must end before the second page of the book is filled. Directness, simplicity, and wit enable Harris to say much in little. Quite aside from the interest and value of its content, *Majority of One* deserves attention as an exhibit of a highly successful method.



Regular readers of Harris' "Strictly Personal" column should be among the most eager to secure this book. What if they have read everything in it before? These essays amply repay indefinite re-reading, for they express more wisdom than most of us (perhaps including Harris himself) have fully digested, and they set us thinking on our own.

ALFRED C. AMES

*300,000 New Americans*, by Lyman Cromwell White. Harper & Bros. 423 pp. \$4.00.

The author writes from the background of his experiences in the United Nations Secretariat where he studied closely problems of governmental and non-governmental organizations, both national and international. He describes the work of various organizations, particularly the United Service for New Americans which, during the past twenty years, dealt with the gigantic problem of Jewish immigration to this country.

The largest and most detailed part of this book is devoted to a description of the modern professional methods which USNA has developed in aiding and integrating Jewish immigrants into the life of the various American communities to which they were assigned. Since USNA is, next to the American Red Cross, the largest social agency solely supported by private contributions, this book will be of special interest to social workers. However, the reader will find many moving human stories which illustrate the methods developed to help the victims of foreign persecution to help themselves in their attempt to start a new life and which make the book readable for the layman as well.

USNA has since 1939 spent \$50,365,000 and has aided a large part of the 300,000 Jewish refugees who during this period arrived in the United States. That in itself is a remarkable record. But it does not describe the unique contribution which USNA has made in the development of professional skills and well-thought-out methods used for the integration of these refugees in the community life of their adopted homeland.

The book reveals something of the tremendous problems that had to be faced when the victims of the Hitler terror came

to this country at the height of the depression, when millions of unemployed Americans were only too inclined to view these new arrivals as creating dangerous competition in the already overcrowded labor market. Immigration, once without any governmental restrictions, had already been made much more difficult by the Immigration Act of 1924. Over the years, and particularly in the period of World War II and afterwards, more and more restrictions upon immigrants were put into law. In the face of these mounting obstacles the undaunted efforts of numerous social agencies devoted to helping the new immigrants deserve high praise.

By 1936 it became apparent that if duplication of work and the resulting waste of energy were to be avoided, co-ordination of the then existing major organizations in the field of immigrant aid had to be achieved first. The result of these efforts was the formation of the National Coordinating Committee which from 1936 to 1939 included nineteen organizations, eight of which were non-Jewish, such as the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers), the American Committee for Christian German Refugees, the Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany, and the Committee to Aid Displaced German Scholars. As these organizations became more independent, the National Refugee Service replaced the Coordinating Committee with only one non-Jewish organization represented on its Board of Directors. At the height of its activities, this organization maintained organized relationships with about 900 local community committees. In a single month approximately 25,000 letters and wires were sent and received by the National Refugee Service.

America's entry into World War II resulted, as was to be expected, in a sharp drop of Jewish immigration to the United States. The following figures illustrate this trend:

*Jewish Immigrants to the U.S.:*

1941.....	23,737
1942.....	10,608
1943.....	4,705
1944.....	2,400

As soon as the war was over, however, a staggering problem faced the United Service for New Americans which had been formed

by merging the National Refugee Service with the refugee service of the Council of Jewish Women. Twenty percent of the eight to ten million displaced persons in Europe were Jews. With most of Europe suffering from the devastation of war, the United States, which had been spared the ravages of warfare on its own soil, became ever more the desired goal for these displaced persons. A Presidential Directive, issued by President Truman in December, 1945, made the entrance of these displaced persons into the United States considerably easier. For the first time it became possible for organizations, rather than only individuals, to sign affidavits for prospective immigrants. The USNA took full advantage of this opportunity and was thus able to save thousands of displaced persons from certain death in Europe.

By 1950 USNA had a staff of 360 full-time officials, a nation-wide network of local committees for the placement of refugees, and close-working relations with many overseas agencies engaged in processing immigrants. Two years later, in 1952, when integration of many of these immigrants had progressed, the staff was reduced to fifty employees. Still the work went on, and in the first five months of 1954, just before USNA joined forces with HIAS, more than 10,000 persons received aid in one form or another from USNA. During the period from 1948 to 1954 USNA brought 38,321 displaced persons and 197 war orphans to this country. This was accomplished despite new restrictions that arose out of the 1950 Amendment to the Displaced Persons Act and the even more rigid measures under the Walter-McCarran Immigration Act adopted in 1952. That Act created, among other things, new reasons for deportations of aliens, some of which were even made retroactive. New fears and uncertainties gripped many of the new immigrants who had hoped for a permanent haven after their harrowing experiences with persecution abroad.

There is probably no more thoroughly professional and effective system for the integration of immigrants than that which grew out of the many experiences of the last twenty years. When one considers the organized reception of the immigrant on his arrival, the vocational screening, re-training

## THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

and planned re-location in carefully selected communities, the language and citizenship classes, and the special services for children, there is scarcely anything to be added to this all-encompassing service system for the new immigrant.

In this age when one is again and again faced with man's inhumanity to man, the wealth of experiences presented by Mr. White should be a must reading for every social worker the world over. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, in a short foreword to the book, sums up the impression that this reviewer, who himself gratefully remembers the help he received back in 1937 as a refugee from Hitler Germany, got after reading this book. She writes:

This is the story of a great social welfare achievement, a description of the many practical methods used to help the newcomers, and a tale of compassion and understanding which renews one's faith in the goodness of human beings.

MARTIN HALL

## Kroch's-Brentano's

BOOKSTORES, INC.

29 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE

Chicago 3, Illinois

Phone: RAndolph 6-4580

Largest Selection of

**BOOKS**

On All Subjects

Including RARE BOOKS and

**FINE BINDINGS**

School Books - School Supplies

*He Spoke in Parables: The Life and Work of the Dubno Maggid*, by Herman A. Glatt. Jay Bithmar. 290 pp. \$5.00.

When I was a teen-ager in Baltimore, I began the serious business of building a library. One of my earliest and most prized acquisitions was a two-volume edition in Yiddish of the parables of the Dubno Maggid (*Alle Meshalim fun Dubner Maggid*). Since Yiddish was the language at home and at the Yeshivah, I read the Dubno with the same ease that I would a

book in English. A host of years have passed since, during which I have added many volumes to my library, but that acquisition remains one of my prizes. Time and again I have returned to the magnificent little stories fashioned by the preacher of Dubno, "the Jewish Aesop," who charmed and edified his own and succeeding generations. So deep is the imprint of this prince of preachers on learned and unlettered alike that often one finds himself repeating a *mashal* without being aware that it originated in the Dubno's fecund imagination. No greater tribute is possible to any teacher-artist.

Jacob Kranz, the Dubno Maggid (preacher), was born in Zietel, a small town in Lithuania, about 1740. Scion of a long line of rabbis, Jacob very early showed signs of genius, especially in his ability to explain difficult Bible and Talmudic passages in a simple and charming manner. While still in his teens at the Yeshiva of Messeritz, Kranz began to garnish his scholarly explanations with parables and witticisms; his success was immediate, and soon he was able to boast a devoted circle of followers. At the age of eighteen, he was appointed Maggid Mesharim (community preacher) of Messeritz. For two years the young preacher attracted huge audiences whenever he ascended the pulpit. (In those days the rabbi preached only on several occasions, notably on the Sabbath before Passover and on the Sabbath before the Day of Atonement. Throughout the year it was the duty of the Maggid to preach.) For a while Kranz served the community of Zolkiev; from there he went to Dubno in the Province of Volhynia where he preached for eighteen years. Before his death he served in several other Jewish communities, but it was Dubno with which his name became associated; the Maggid of Dubno and his parables have become bywords in Jewish life.

The Dubno Maggid has rightly been dubbed "a decisive figure in the history of the Jewish word"; he synthesized the Torah with Jews and Jewish living; in fact, nothing in the Jewish world was alien to his homiletic and parabolic endeavors. Hence it is not surprising that Rabbi Herman Glatt should devote a full-bodied book (*He Spoke in Parables*) to Kranz. Rabbi Glatt's study, the first to appear in English, is a detailed,

painstaking analysis of the Dubno's life and work. He has collected all the available data, scattered in numerous volumes, and he has brooded over it in order to arrive at a just conclusion. Considerable labor, much of it of love, has gone into the making of this book. The reader is given first a history of the city of Dubno and its Jewish community; there follow well-documented chapters on the sources about the Dubno's life, his philosophy of life, his love for Eretz Yisrael, etc. Almost one third of the book is devoted to footnotes, bibliography, and glossary. This alone should dispel doubts about Rabbi Glatt's scholarship. More than fifty pages are devoted to examples of the Dubno's method and to some forty parables, most of them Englished for the first time. If Rabbi Glatt had done only the last named we would still be in his debt, for few American Jews are capable of savoring the *meshalim* in the original, juicy Yiddish.

Kranz published nothing during his lifetime. His sermons, which are in reality homiletic commentaries on the Pentateuch, *Haftarot*, and the Scrolls, were collected and published posthumously by one of his sons in collaboration with Abraham Baer Flahm, a disciple. The most important collection is entitled *Ohel Yakob (The Tent of Jacob)*, sermons based on the Pentateuch. The Maggid also authored a book on ethics, *Sefer ha-Midot (The Book of Virtues)* modeled on Bahya Ibn Pakuda's magnificent work, *Hobot ha-Lebabot*. According to his disciple, the Maggid considered his time too precious to waste on preparing his sermons for publication. His work was written in the form of memoranda and notes; from these the books were compiled after his death. They went through many editions, and while making the publishers rich, they conferred immortality on their author.

The *meshalim* of the Dubno are actually masterful tales, and their author is doubtless one of the great writers of parables of all time. But in addition to their moral and artistic value, the parables are invaluable for the glimpses they give us of eighteenth-century Jewish life in Russia and in Poland. Rabbi Glatt's summary is thorough and just:

His stories mirrored the environment of his day and ideas current in his time. The situations he described were far from hypothetical; they were real and they were portrayed by the preacher with such

vividness that the central characters in his tales became alive before the eyes of his listeners. And what a remarkable array of characters they were: from rabbis to petty traders, from the heads of congregations to traveling merchants, wandering beggars and humiliated wagon-drivers. His stories told of tax collectors, barkeepers, innkeepers, artisans, students, matchmakers, grooms, householders, and housewives; his parables related the trials and tribulations of the Jewish farmers and farm lessees, the bankrupt, the servants, and the apprentices; . . . he pictured the inner thoughts, desires, and the psychological motives of the rich, the poor, the wise, the foolish, the wicked, and the good. And from this vast host of personages . . . and current situations he extracted the simple truths of life.

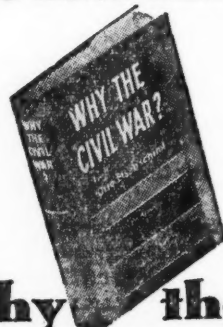
There is always a temptation in reviewing such a book to cite at least a brief parable of the many translated by Rabbi Glatt. Space, however, will not permit such an indulgence. Besides, let the reader betake himself to *He Spoke in Parables*; or, better still, if he is lucky, let him open the Yiddish original and taste the flavor and savor of the peerless Maggid of Dubno. The book being reviewed is part of a larger thesis presented for the doctorate at the Jewish Theological Seminary. As such, it suffers from some of the infirmities that most dissertations are heir to: repetitiousness, overzealousness, occasional special pleading, and overaddiction to footnotes. Dr. Glatt will show us his erudition which is formidable at the drop of a footnote. And with respect to the Dubno's importance, he "doth protest too much." Surely one does not have to repeat a dozen times that Kranz is a significant figure; it is like carrying poverty to Kabzansk. Even more serious are the author's stylistic lapses. His English sometimes reads like a bad translation of the Dubno's Yiddish. For example, Dr. Glatt tells us that the Jews of Dubno "were submerged in commerce and shop-keeping, excited to make money and hastening to be rich." This kind of writing is neither eighteenth-century English nor Yiddish. In another passage while relating a *mashal*, Glatt writes: ". . . lack of sleep is of greater consequential import than lack of eating." There are also downright grammatical lapses (" . . . instead of reciting the Biblical verse like he had instructed them to do." Has the author been exposed to Winston "ads"? ) In a future revised edition the author would do well to fine-comb his pages so that the manner of the book can match its important matter.

#### THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

These blemishes notwithstanding, *He Spoke in Parables* is a contribution to Jewish learning for which non-Yiddish reading Jews especially will be thankful. In illuminating the life and work of a significant Jewish figure of the eighteenth century, Dr. Glatt has put all of us in his debt. Those interested in the Dubno Maggid and in *Maggidut* in general will find this volume indispensable. This is not, however, only a book for the scholar; any intelligent Jewish reader can also derive much information and pleasure from it. Dr. Glatt should be congratulated on undertaking such an important job and on doing it so well.

MAURICE M. SHUDOFSKY

The exciting new book  
by the author of  
**WHY WAS LINCOLN MURDERED?**  
**OTTO EISENSCHIML**



## Why the Civil War?

As a historian, Otto Eisenschiml is a militant iconoclast. He enjoys nothing so much as a good debate. In 1937 he electrified readers of books about American history with his *Why Was Lincoln Murdered?* Once again he has deliberately kicked a beehive.

With an ingenuity and power of deduction worthy of Sherlock Holmes he argues that Lincoln had a plan that might have preserved the peace without amounting to appeasement. Its complexity and some errors of execution made the plan fail. *Why the Civil War?* is a book that will fascinate every reader—and set off fireworks.

At all bookstores • \$3.75

**BOBBS-MERRILL**

Indianapolis

New York



# *The First Deluxe Edition of a JEWISH Family BIBLE in Over 5000 Years*

*Already the Most Wanted and Cherished  
Item in the Jewish Home!*

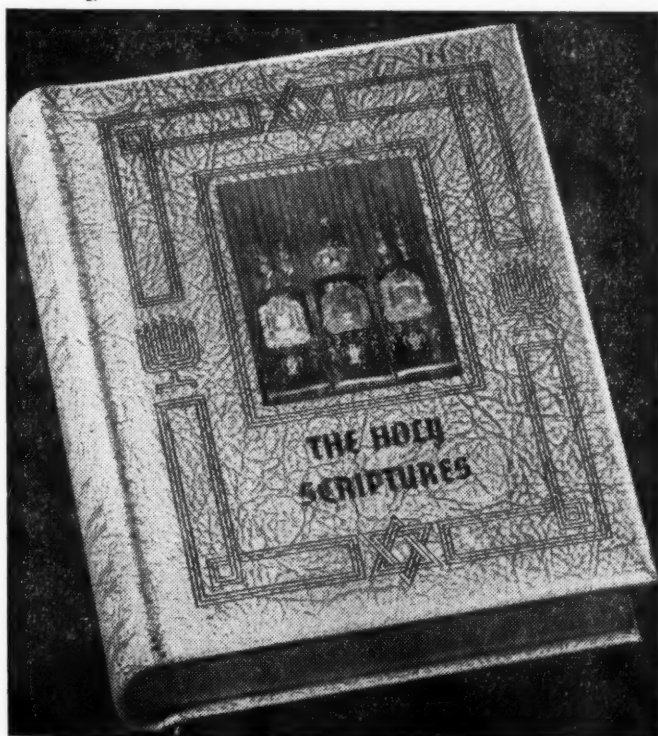
**NEW, BEAUTIFUL, ILLUSTRATED**—9 Inches Wide, 11 Inches Deep—942 Brilliant Pages, PLUS 198 Famous Original Painting by JACOB BAROSIN.

**INFORMATION AND INSPIRATION**—Leaders in Orthodox, Conservative and Reform Jewry have worked together in compiling this new English-language edition of the Scriptures, introduced today as The Jewish Family Bible.

**IDEAL AS A GIFT!**—Any recipient of this lovely Bible, would never forget the donor. Bound in beautiful reinforced leather, embossed in 24-carat gold, this Bible will be a cherished lifetime possession to every owner. High quality paper gives a richness to the printing which is beautiful to behold.

**WHY NOT SEND ONE TO YOUR RABBI?**

**THE DEMAND IS GREATER THAN OUR PRESENT ORGANIZATION CAN SERVICE.  
WE NEED ADDITIONAL CAPABLE REPRESENTATIVES!**



For further information regarding this edition of the Holy Scriptures, write to:

BIBLICAL PRESS, INC.  
153 N. Michigan Ave.  
Chicago 1, Illinois

- Edited by Rabbi Morris A. Gutstein, and Rabbi David Graubart.
- Published by MENORAH PRESS, CHICAGO.

PRICE

**\$39.95**

Not Available in Bookstores

*Poems of a Jew*, by Karl Shapiro. Random House. 71 pp. \$3.50.

Since first being published in 1940, the poetry of Karl Shapiro has always shown evidences of the author's Jewish background, either by his utilizing specific themes, such as *Jews*, *The Murder of Moses*, *Synagogue*, etc., or infusing the modern idiom of his imagery with Judaic connotations and overtones. However, the Jewishness in Shapiro's poetry has not, at any time, been exploited for nationalistic reasons (certainly he cannot be classified as a folks-writer), since the employment of Jewish sources was for poetic use only, and at no time for self-realization.

When, then, Karl Shapiro (who has so painstakingly striven throughout his career to be acknowledged only as poet, and not as Jew) collects a volume of poetry entitled expressly *Poems of a Jew*, the reader may reasonably expect that the poet has reached a personal plateau of self-discovery that would justify that identification. The title must be, per se, a capsule confessional, definitive, and self-evident.

This entire rationale, however, is immediately destroyed by the poet's own unfortunate prose introduction in which he appears to apologize to the reader by saying, "The poems here were written over a long period of time and extracted mostly from volumes which have nothing to do with the present theme." Earlier, he states categorically that

As everyone knows, a Jew who becomes an atheist remains a Jew. A Jew who becomes a Catholic remains a Jew. Being a Jew is the consciousness of being a Jew . . .

Shapiro's categorical imperative presupposes a problem which he is either incapable or fearful of answering. He poses it as follows:

The Jewish Question, whatever that might be, is not my concern. Nor is Judaism. Nor is Jewry. Nor is Israel . . .

If these are not the heart and matter of "The Jewish Question," what then should be the proper "concern" and subject matter of a poet who labels his work *Poems of a Jew*? Why not honestly entitle the book *Poems by a Person Born of Jewish Parents*?

Furthermore, Karl Shapiro's intent in dividing the poems into three sections is totally obscure unless he is playing mathematical tricks with poesy and ironically suggesting the Trinity in a book called *Poems*

of a Jew, in much the same sophist vein manner in which he can justify the assertion that "A Jew who becomes a Catholic remains a Jew." The first poem in section 1 is appropriately enough "The Alphabet" (Aleph Beth), but the order of the ensuing poems is mystifying and the Arabic symbols 1, 2, and 3 suggest absolutely nothing. If there is an order of meaning in the table of contents why should "Adam and Eve," the first narrative in the very first book of the Bible (the Jews' prime book), be the very last poem in Shapiro's collection? Neither the introduction nor the Notes at the end of the book, inserted, as the poet explains,

either because of some obscurity in the text or because of a seeming irrelevancy [of a few of the poems] to the collection as a whole.

shed any light on this particular problem, nor on any others that may be specifically Jewish, and not poetic.

If there is to be a division of the book into sections, then the presumption of this critic would be that the poems should be classified according to Shapiro's three stages of "Jewish awareness":

1. Birth and Nativity: I am born a Jew.
2. Wartime — Manhood: Intimations of Christianity.
3. Adulthood: Pride in Israel, with reservations.

This first sequence is exemplified by the first of Five Self-Portraits:

At one week all my family prayed,  
Stuffed wine and cotton in my craw,  
The rabbi blessed me with a blade  
According in the Mosaic Law.

This phrase is re-affirmed in "My Grandmother":

My grandmother moves to my mind in context  
of sorrow . . .  
Whether erect in chair, her dry and corded throat  
harangued by grief,  
Or at ragged book bent in Hebrew prayer . . .  
and in "The Southerner":

I saw my honor's paradox:  
Grandpa, the saintly Jew, keeping his beard  
In difficult Virginia, yet endeared  
Of blacks and farmers, although orthodox.

The adolescent recognition of self as Jew is apparent also in "Confirmation" and continued later during his college years in "University [of Virginia]": "To hurt the Negro and avoid the Jew is the Curriculum." In

"The First Time," his first sex experience is as shockingly Jewish as was the infantile identification with "the Mosaic blade":

Behind shut doors, in shadowy quarantine . . .  
This boy, who is no more than seventeen . . .  
takes off his clothes . . . where he is still alone  
And being here is more and more untrue.  
Then she turns round, as one turns at a desk,  
And looks at him, too naked and too soon,  
And almost gently asks: Are you a Jew?

Chronologically, and poetically, Shapiro's poems, datelined "Australia — 1943 — Wartime," reveal a new approach—the second phase of what he refers to, in later years, as "the Jewish Question." In a poem, entitled ironically "The Synagogue," Shapiro writes enraptured of another altar:

The swift cathedral palpitates the blood,  
The soul moves upward like a wing to meet  
The pinnacle of Saints.

From this period are reprinted such conflicting poems as "V-Letter," the Pulitzer Prize volume of 1945, dedicated to his future wife:

I love you first because your face is fair,  
Because your eyes are Jewish and blue,  
and "Christmas-Eve: Australia":

I smoke and read my Bible and chew gum,  
Thinking of Christ and Christmas of last year,  
or "Sunday: New Guinea":

From every side, singly, in groups, in pairs  
Each to his kind of services comes to worship Him.

Seemingly intimately versed in a new theology, Shapiro can confess in "The Convert" that

All arguments are vain . . . that Notre Dame  
Has plumbing, Baptists shoot their fellowmen,  
Hindus are pious, nuns have Cadillacs.  
Apologetics anger him who is  
The living proof of what he newly knows. . . .  
How light and secret is the sign of love  
In the hour of many significant conversions.

The third and present phase of Shapiro's Jewishness begins with his release from the army and his return to civilian life, first as Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress, then on the faculty of Johns Hopkins University, and in 1950, as editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, in Chicago. Here he also lectured and taught English at Loyola University, the setting for the poem called "Teasing of the Nuns":

Up in the elevator went the nuns . . .  
Myself in the center sailing like Sinbad . . .  
And fixed their gaze on mine that floated out  
Between them and their poised hawk.  
"Sisters," I said. And then I stopped.

In a note to this poem, Shapiro explains that "The theme of the poem is the essential inability of the Jew to speak to the nuns."

This new vein of self-recognition continues thereafter. In 1948, Shapiro is commissioned to write and read a poem celebrating the founding of the State of Israel. The result was "Israel," performed at a mass meeting in Baltimore, the city of his birth. The poem is cast in a large, heroic rhythm, Miltonic in grandeur:

When I think of the liberation of Palestine,  
When my eye conceives the great black English line  
Spanning the world news of two thousand years,  
My heart leaps forward like a hungry dog.

A few years later he writes *The 151st Psalm*, commissioned to be performed for the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Jews in America. In effect, the poem is a hymn to "Elohim . . . Immigrant God," in verse so sweetly reminiscent of the psalms themselves that the very words beg to be set to cantorial music.

Then followed a series of seven poems, entitled *Adam and Eve* and originally published in *Poetry*, that drew their inspiration and theme from the Bible:

In the beginning, at every step, he turned  
As if by instinct to the East to praise  
The nature of things.

Although referring to Adam, the lines above are almost autobiographical in effect. They represent a latter-day Shapiro pre-occupied with the major aspects of Jewish identification in such titles, engendered by Genesis, as "The Tree of Guilt," "Confession," and "Exile." These were originally printed under the title *Eden Retold*. Shapiro attributes much of the imagery of these poems to the Zohar. The style, however, is distinctly Shapiro, each word being savagely exact, inevitably honest, and supremely lyrical.

The poetry in *Poems of a Jew* is the work of a truly gifted poet, one of the foremost of our day in American poetry, but only occasionally are these the poems of a Jew in the age-old acceptance of the term.

ALLEN D. SCHWARTZ

*Rabbi in America: The Story of Isaac M. Wise*, by Israel Knox. Little Brown & Co. 173 pp. \$3.50.

Isaac M. Wise's life spanned one of the most optimistic periods in world history. He came to the United States from Germany in 1846, when liberals in Europe hoped to see monarchy and oppression disappear, when the new industrialism was expected to abolish poverty, and when the intellectual enlightenment was regarded as the harbinger of a new era in which superstition would give way to reason.

For Wise, those were, indeed, *moshiach's zeiten*, the age of fulfillment, the era adumbrated by the Prophets, when all the world would recognize that the God of Israel would become the God of all the world. Now Judaism too could divest itself of all those bizarre forms which it had been compelled to create in order to help it survive the dark ages of ghetto and persecution. Now Judaism could present itself to the world "in its pure light as rational and humanistic and universal—as ethical monotheism." (P. 23.)

In his first pulpit, in Albany, Wise discovered that his laymen were not quite prepared to strip their tradition of these forms. When he rejected *kriah* (symbolic tearing of the garment as a sign of mourning) and *shivah* (the week of home mourning), when he shortened the Hebrew prayers, engaged a mixed choir, substituted confirmation for Bar Mitzvah, and otherwise reformed Jewish ritual practice, his members reacted violently. In Cincinnati, he had smoother sailing, however; and in that city he succeeded in establishing the three major instruments of the Reform movement: The Hebrew Union College, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, and the Central Conference of American Rabbis.

Wise was not, however, the most radical of the reformers. His Talmudic training restrained him from a complete break with the *halakah* (Jewish law). He wrote: "To be sure, I am a reformer, as much as our age requires; because I am convinced that none can stop the stream of time, none can check the swift wheels of the age; but I have always the *halakah* for my basis; I never sanction a reform against the *Din* (law)."

#### THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

(P. 32.) One is tempted, of course, to ask, "Never?" Wise would have to say, "Well, hardly ever." Nevertheless, compared to Einhorn and other eastern reformers, he was conservative (with a small c).

Who knows what might have been the course of American Judaism if his plan to create a united Jewry had materialized? In 1855, in Cleveland, he brought together representatives from congregations of all the important cities. He hoped to "set up a synod with authority to act in behalf of American Judaism. But the conference soon realized that practice could not be separated from principle. The adherents of Orthodoxy could not promise allegiance to a synod that failed to accept the Talmud as its basis and guide. The adherents of Reform could not go along with Orthodoxy without surrendering the central concept and doctrine of Reform." (Pp. 97-98.) The extremists among the reformers were adamant. The conference failed, and, like Jeremiah, Wise "sat upon the ruins." (P. 100.)

The rest, in a sense, is history. The two groups went their separate ways, and the moderates ultimately created the Conservative movement.

Israel Knox has written an absorbing story, worthy to take its place among the other biographies in the *Library of American Biography*, edited by Professor Oscar Handlin.

IRA EISENSTEIN

All Books Reviewed In This Issue  
Are Available At

**WERNER'S BOOKS**

INC.

338 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE

CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS

Telephone WAbash 2-2766



*Dilemmas of Politics*, by Hans J. Morgenthau. The University of Chicago Press. 381 pp. \$7.50.

A dilemma presents us with an "either—or" situation in which we confront two alternatives, each of which is equally distasteful. Fortunately, many dilemmas do not exhaust the possibilities, and some third course of action may be open to us. But we may not be clever enough to find this escape, and thus remain impaled on the horns of the dilemma.

A central dilemma in Professor Morgenthau's work concerns the alternatives "moral principle" and "power politics." The choice between these alternatives presented a very live issue in the Suez crisis of 1956 and is with us again in the Iraq crisis of July, 1958. As a political philosopher in the Hobbesian tradition, Morgenthau tells us that political science is concerned with "power: its configurations, its limitations, its implications and its laws." The statesman, he says, must concern himself with the balance of power in order to enhance the national security of his own country. The statesman should also aim at the moral good and feel the obligation of moral judgment, but he must never say, "Let justice be done, even though my nation perish." Let us suppose that he has a choice between two moral aims: the promotion of universal liberty, on the one hand, and the promotion of the liberty and security of the United States, on the other. If the statesman is a realist, says Morgenthau, he will never choose the former at a risk to the latter. But if he is a Utopian he will deceive himself into thinking that he can achieve both goals. Is this "power politics"? Yes, says Morgenthau, but all politics is concerned with power.

Perhaps this dilemma cuts deeper than Morgenthau realizes. He tells us that the statesman should never sacrifice national interest to moral principle. But there may be situations in which we ought not to follow the requirements of power whithersoever they may lead us, for life is not worth living under certain circumstances. So perhaps we ought not to attempt to resolve the dilemma in theory (following Burke's wise admonition) but continue to seek to reconcile the claims of justice and power. We must continue to search for this reconcilia-

tion even though we suspect that we shall never succeed in finding it.

Morgenthau has many penetrating things to say on the subject of the dilemmas of nationalism. He notes a trap into which liberal thought has fallen with respect to the trend toward the establishment of new nation-states among former colonies. In the 19th century nationalism was regarded as a revelation of a universal moral principle, that of self-determination. But the concept of nationalism is being used today by totalitarianism to undermine the power of the West, and we have no moral defense against this trend because we think of nationalism as a universal moral principle. But, Morgenthau argues, national freedom is, or ought to be, a concrete moral goal under particular circumstances rather than an eternal verity. We should therefore not endorse every claim to national freedom, but should evaluate each in terms of its own purposes: Algeria, as one example. When we speak in terms of morality, he says, we should be sure that we have explored all of the moral implications of our position, including that of our own liberty and security. Among other implications, he notes that a genuine moral idealist who makes self-determination an eternal verity will not disregard the claims of the French colons to autonomy.

*Dilemmas of Politics* consists of twenty-four essays dealing with political theory in relation to such contemporary issues as the national interest, nationalism, freedom, neutrality, international law, the "corruption of patriotism" (concerning the loyalty procedures), and concluding with reviews of books by Harold Laski, Walter Lippmann, Toynbee, and others. The reviews were written during the past twenty years and show a remarkable unity of content and purpose.

This book is highly recommended to the reader who wishes to understand, and thus surmount, the presuppositions and prejudices which cluster around our central political ideas. This is a scholarly work in the sense that it is carefully reasoned and informed, but it is happily lacking in the usual academic regalia of footnotes. The writer's thoughts are expressed in a style notable for its clarity and vividness. His chief excellence, it seems to this reader, is his drawing of useful distinctions.

Professor Morgenthau is a scholar who brings to American political thinking a realistic awareness of the potentialities for good and evil in man's nature. He is a rationalist who sees the difficulties of persuading others to accept our point of view by the force of argument, a "power politician" who sees the force of moral considerations, and a moralist who never forgets that power also has its claims.

LIONEL RUBY

---

*Only in America*, by Harry Golden. World Publishing Company. 317 pp. \$4.00.

This is a collection of articles and editorials from Harry Golden's newspaper the *Carolina Israelite*, selected and edited by Mr. Golden's son, Harry, Jr., who is a reporter for the *Detroit Free Press*.

In his Foreword to the book, Carl Sandburg says, "This is the most pro-Semitic book I have ever read, barring possibly the *Old Testament*." Certainly it is an amusing and pleasant book, full of love for mankind and having many explanations for what may seem to the non-Jews strange customs and ideas of their Jewish friends.

Harry Golden is an American phenomenon "that could happen only in America." He publishes a newspaper when he feels like it (about ten times a year) from Charlotte, North Carolina. The paper has developed a familiar and fixed format, "card" advertisements interlarded (excuse the expression) with Golden's two-column ten-point editorials. It means literally that he writes the whole paper himself. The only "news" is his opinion. The subscribers are his friends who like to read his letters in newspaper form. There are about 14,000 of them and a majority are non-Jews in spite of the paper's name and the author's pre-occupation with matters of Jewish life, including many humorous (and some tragic) recollections of his early days on the East Side of New York.

If Harry Golden were writing these mostly cheerful and breezy essays from Rivington Street, he would just be the struggling publisher of another Anglo-Jewish monthly; but because he publishes from Dixie and pokes sardonic fun at his fellow-southerners, he has become a national institution.

The most interesting part of his book, for those who have not read these articles before in the *Carolina Israelite*, is that dealing with the Harry Golden plans for achieving integration in school, at the movies, and at public drinking-fountains. For schools, Golden makes the argument that the whites in the South are quite willing to stand up with Negroes in supermarkets, banks, and drug-store counters. The trouble comes when they sit down together. He proposes, therefore, to solve the school integration simply by eliminating the seats. Let all the children stand up together, says Golden, since nobody in the South pays any attention to a vertical Negro. "The desks should be those standing-up jobs, like the old-fashioned bookkeeping desk."

Now as to the movies, Golden observed that when some Negro teachers wanted to see Laurence Olivier in "Hamlet," they went into the "white" movies without any trouble by borrowing some small white children and taking them along. The "white baby" plan evolved from this. He suggests a sitters' pool of white babies to be borrowed by Negroes to enable them to go to the movies and sit in the "white" seats. In the long run, Negroes can establish factories to make white baby dolls out of plastics, with blond curls and blue eyes. With such dolls, "The Negro woman and her husband [would get] priority over the whites for the very best seats in the house."

The plan for drinking fountains is the essence of Golden's shrewd ridicule of his fellow-white southerners. The Golden "out-of-order" plan simply calls for putting up an "out-of-order" sign on the white drinking fountain. The first day or two the whites are hesitant, but little by little they begin drinking out of the water fountain that belongs to the "coloreds," and by the end of the third week all the whites are drinking the "segregated" water.

Golden's idea is that the whites will accept desegregation if they are assured that the facilities are separate, but "out-of-order." He makes it clear that he thinks separation is a state of mind with the South, largely unconnected with reality. The fact that Golden himself is loved in the South in

spite of the acid in his ink shows that there is a tolerance that may some day flower into a solution for the more serious questions underneath.

LEO A. LERNER

*Dostoevski in Russian Literary Criticism, 1846-1956*, by Vladimir Seduro. Columbia University Press. 412 pp. \$7.50.

At the age of twenty-three, Dostoevski wrote his first novel, *Poor Folks*. His friend, the novelist Grigorovich, took the manuscript to the poet Nekrasov, who stayed up all night reading it. At three o'clock in the morning, deeply moved by the novel, Nekrasov and Grigorovich burst into the study of the severe critic Belinski, shouting, "A new Gogol is born!" Belinski angrily retorted, "Every day a new Gogol is born in your imagination." The manuscript, however, had a great effect even on the critic, who sent for Dostoevski. When the young man presented himself before the severe judge, Belinski excitedly shouted: "This is a revelation of art. God, preserve this gift, and you will become a great writer!"

Thus began the literary criticism of Dostoevski in Russia to which Seduro devotes his book. He divides the volume into two main parts: Part I. "Criticism before the Revolution," and Part II. "Soviet Literary Criticism." The book embraces practically all critics of Dostoevski between 1846 and 1956. He omits, however, such important critics as Berdiaev and Mochulsky, who lived in exile.

Belinski saw in the novel *Poor Folks* "the first attempt at a social novel in Russia," but he warned that to apply the ready-made formulas of the Gogol period to the writings of Dostoevski would be erroneous. In his opinion, Gogol's influence would soon disappear, "although Gogol will remain his [Dostoevski's] literary father." Belinski admired the humanistic nature of Dostoevski's writing, his love for the people in "garrets and basements," because "these, too, are people; they are your brothers!"

Although Belinski did not live long enough to see Dostoevski's greatest masterpiece, his criticism of the early stories of Dostoevski shows how profoundly he understood and cherished the talent of the young writer.

It was V. N. Maikov, the brother of the poet, who first understood Dostoevski's "portrayal of man's inner world." But it was Dobrolubov who first divided Dostoevski's heroes into two main groups: "the meek and the embittered." "Neither before nor after Dobrolubov did Russian critical thought of the nineteenth century rise to such heights of keen penetration into the secrets of Dostoevski's writings," Seduro says. Together with Pisarev, Dobrolubov made an attempt "to understand the laws that dictated the nature of Dostoevski's writings."

Mikhailovski, for whom Dostoevski was "A Cruel Talent," appraises his writings from the point of view of a publicist. He bitterly attacks the author's philosophical ideas and attributes his literary creativeness to the personality and conscience of the writer. The world of Dostoevski appears to this "Narodnik" as one peopled with beasts of prey, "a nursery of various breeds of wolves." Mikhailovski sees only "the sick and bedevilled Russia" depicted by Dostoevski and he condemns his writings on purely political grounds.

Merezhkovski, on the other hand, expresses the opinion that "reading Dostoevski is extremely beneficial morally. It makes one aware of the two worlds of good and evil, and it arouses the conscience of those who are indifferent to the evils of modern society."

Whereas the majority of the Soviet critics recognize the importance of Dostoevski to the reader, we note that only one complete edition of his works was published between 1920 and 1956. The first edition was published in 1924. The second complete edition began to be published in 1956 and is expected to be completed in 1958. Between these two editions, there was a one-volume edition which contains a few novels and short stories. There were also individual novels published from time to time. But *The Possessed* never appeared in a separate volume.

The period between 1925 and 1930 is characterized by a historical and comparative study of Dostoevski's works. The stress during this period was laid on literary analysis, stylistic problems, and the ideological background of Dostoevski's works. During this period the outstanding critics who con-

tributed serious scholarly research to the study of Dostoevski were Grossman, Tynyanov, Vinogradov, Dolinin, Chulkov, and others.

One outstanding critic of this period was Pereverzev. He approaches Dostoevski by an "objective scientific method," according to which literature reflects the social conditions of the period. And since, during the time of his activity, revolutionary and reactionary ideologies existed side by side, Dostoevski, according to Pereverzev, "was revolutionary and reactionary at the same time."

Pereverzev's sociological interpretation of Dostoevski's works was opposed by the Marxist critics who attacked Dostoevski's reactionary ideology. One of them, M. Polakova, states that the purpose of Dostoevski was not to portray suffering and stress, but to affirm that this stress and disharmony in the hearts of his heroes were a form of higher life worthy of representation in art.

By the middle of the 'thirties, the anti-Dostoevski trend in criticism had increased in intensity. Gorky, who linked the pre- and post-revolutionary literary Russia, had a two-fold approach to Dostoevski. On the one hand, he considered him as a universal genius and compared him with Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe. On the other, he thought of him as a petit-bourgeois writer, rejected his philosophy, and objected to the types of heroes Dostoevski portrayed in his novels. According to Gorky, Dostoevski's hero "was in the form and likeness of a wild and vicious animal." He opposed the influence of Dostoevski on the early Soviet writers, whose goal he thought should be to create positive Soviet heroes and a new type of hero, of the species *Homo Sovietica*. But even as late as 1934, while under the directives of the party "to discredit Dostoevski's ideology and to end his recognized influence on Soviet literature," Gorky was still unable to "deal a critical blow" to Dostoevski as an artist and asserted that Dostoevski's genius was unquestionable.

The change of Soviet policy towards Dostoevski came about when, under the influence of the on-coming war clouds, it was necessary for patriotic purposes to re-evaluate the entire cultural heritage of pre-revolutionary Russia. With the coming of World

War II and the return to strict nationalism, Dostoevski began to be looked upon as one of the greatest national writers. Consequently for the 125th anniversary of the writer's birth, several important books and articles appeared.

Then came Zhdanov's article in the magazine *Zvezda*, in which he bitterly attacked the so-called "bourgeois objectivity," symbolism, futurism, and acmeism and singled out especially the poetess Akhmatova and the humorist Zoshchenko. The attitude towards Dostoevski changed again. Such critics as Dolinin, Kirpotin, and others were accused of erroneous judgments in their studies of Dostoevski. Soon after Zhdanov's article, there appeared in *Pravda* an article by its editor, Zaslavski, who, reversing his own previous position in regard to Dostoevski, now placed him among the "enemies" of the Soviet Union and branded him as the "spiritual father of double-dealers and traitors." Thus, remarks Dr. Seduro, "the publication of objective scholarly studies on Dostoevski ended" and the name of Dostoevski did not even appear in the "Classics of Russian Literature," published in 1952.

By 1956, however, we witness a new shift for the better. A decision was made to celebrate the 75th anniversary of Dostoevski's death on a large scale. Besides the new edition mentioned above, many individual novels have again appeared in print. A number of new works in the field of literary criticism were scheduled. A Dostoevski monument was unveiled in the capital and a street was renamed for him in Moscow. Many plays based on the works of Dostoevski were staged in the theatres of Moscow and Mosfilm planned to film *The Idiot*. Thus, hardly any other Russian author has undergone so many vicissitudes in Russia as has Dostoevski.

Most of the works treated by Seduro in *Dostoevski in Russian Literary Criticism, 1946-1956* have never been translated into English. Few libraries in our country contain these books in the original language. Indeed, Seduro has made an important contribution to the field of Dostoevskiana and has filled a gap for which he deserves sincere thanks from all students of Russian literature.

JOHN M. MIRKIN



*The Enemy Camp*, by Jerome Weidman. Random House. 561 pp. \$4.95.

In the twenty-one years that have passed since Weidman published his *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* and *What's In It for Me?*, I have read—aside from a few of his excellent stories—only *The Enemy Camp*. I should have read his other novels if only from a sense of duty or curiosity. But, his two early novels, with their incredible caricature of a Jewish villain, Harry Bogen offended me and I simply desisted from further reading of his works. However, upon reading *The Enemy Camp*—an imaginative job—I was much impressed with the author's mastery of intricate detail and his skill in constructing an interesting plot.

Curiously enough, while reading this novel I thought I detected here and there an effort on the part of the author to make amends for past misdeeds and to "do" a Jew better than he had done him in previous attempts.

The story centers around the lives of two Jewish boys, George Hurst and Danny Schorr, children of the poor who live in the unspeakable East Side of New York, form a fast friendship, go to the same school, play the same games, and, as they grow older, seemingly learn the importance of appreciating the same values.

Danny Schorr—later the affluent Daniel Shaw—early adopts the code that the aim justifies the means, and he often and cruelly exploits his friend to advance his own interests. He cheats and robs Hurst, deprives him of a chance to become a lawyer, and of an ambition to become "another Justice Brandeis." After several ugly escapades at the expense of Hurst, Schorr elopes with Hurst's girl—also an East-Side character—on the eve of their scheduled marriage. Hurst, relieved of his villainous friend, is later successful on his own as an accountant. Some years later he marries a Gentile girl, they have two children, and move to a New York suburb.

Shaw, in the meantime, becomes a hotel tycoon and is never heard from until Hurst is pressed by a business and political associate of Shaw's for the immediate whereabouts of Hurst's former sweetheart, Dora

Dienst, whom Shaw had married and abandoned. There is nothing of record that the millionaire Shaw ever divorced her, however. At stake, it develops, is Shaw's goal of becoming a United States senator. Hurst knows that Dora, after being abandoned by his former friend, becomes a prostitute.

Into the suburban, middle-class, placid life of George Hurst there intrude circumstances that constitute the denouement of *The Enemy Camp*. Dora Dienst somehow finds herself near Hurst's suburb and is determined to avenge the wrongs inflicted upon her by Danny Shaw. Shaw, realizing that Hurst's expose of his criminal past will ruin him, pleads for forgiveness and for Hurst's silence to permit him to run for the senatorship. In the background is the representative of a business and political group about to endorse Shaw and help him realize his ambitions provided his past is not exposed. At this point Hurst reveals to his wife for the first time his former life, including his relations with Dora. Then, after much soul searching, he decided to expose Shaw and thus destroy his political career.

There are several sharply etched characters in this narrative—in particular, Shaw's adopted mother, Aunt Tessie. She is ugly, hard-working, and from a religious point of view uncompromisingly orthodox. She commands the respect of the reader. Impossibly overdrawn and parading in the pages of the book, as if on stilts, is the family of the multi-millionaire, William Prager. All the space devoted to this family is, I think wholly wasted.

*The Enemy Camp* makes for sheer reading satisfaction. If, however, it is intended to be a "purpose novel," it has failed to convince me. The enemy camp of the prejudiced, the intractable, and the bigoted Christians in Weidman's book, peopled as it is with obnoxious types, affords no striking traits that have not been dwelt upon before by other novelists and more effectively than in this book. Yes, it deals with anti-Semitism, and Weidman on occasion ably and brutally exposes its virulence and sham. And that is all.

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB

*The Nature of Culture*, by A. L. Kroeber. The University of Chicago Press. 438 pp. \$6.50.

This compact volume by the dean of American anthropologists contains a rich selection of his representative papers published over a period of fifty years (1901-1951). If, in the course of this half century, anthropology developed from what was known to the public as an esoteric hobby of skull-measuring to a significant science playing an increasingly important role in international, governmental and institutional efforts for the solution of cultural problems, this is to a considerable extent the merit of A. L. Kroeber. His interest in the varied and far-flung fields of the science of culture became a powerful stimulant in the advancement of anthropology. In the present volume these multi-dimensional contributions are represented by fifty papers arranged under five headings.

The first of these is "Theory of Culture." In this largest section of the volume appear a number of early papers some of which have since become classics in anthropology, such as "The Superorganic," originally published in 1917. It includes also hitherto unpublished studies, such as "Reality Culture and Value Culture" (written in 1950/51) which contains a masterly analysis of the culture theories of three distinguished sociologists—Weber, Merton and MacIver—and creates, on foundations laid by them, the important distinction between that great segment of culture which is directed toward reality and is largely diffusional and cumulative, and the other great segment oriented towards values.

The second part, entitled "Kinship and Social Structure," contains, in addition to papers of a general theoretical nature, studies of kinship problems among various American Indian tribes, the natives of the Philippines, and the Chinese, indicating the author's wide range of interest and penetration even in such specialized subject-matter.

Part Three, "On American Indians," illustrates, as Kroeber states in his Preface, "some of the steps by which ethnographic data are conceptualized into cultural processes and patterns" (p. vii).

Part Four, called "Psychologically Slanted," opens with two critical studies,

written twenty years apart, on Freud's "Totem and Taboo." Another selection, "Psychosis or Social Sanction," is an attempt to construe the extent of the social rewarding of neurotic or psychotic manifestations as an index of cultural progress. To put it as briefly as possible, Kroeber advances here the hypothesis that the greater the social valuation and recognition afforded to the neurotic or psychotic personality (as manifested, e.g., in shamanism, homosexuality, animal identification, etc.) in a society, the less advanced that society is culturally. In a significant postscript dated 1951, Kroeber lists this index as one of the criteria by which cultural progress can be measured.

The fifth and last part, "History and Process of Civilization," is again an eloquent testimony to Kroeber's extraordinarily wide range of interest. Two of the papers, separated by more than two decades, deal with changes in women's dress fashions. Another paper discusses "Culture Groupings in Asia" (1947) and raises the problem of symbiotic relationship between sedentary and pastoral nomadic cultures within one and the same region. Several additional selections are concerned with the history of civilization. The volume closes with an analytical comparison of "The Novel in Asia and Europe" (1951).

Together with his *Configuration of Culture Growth* (1944) and his *Anthropology* (1948), this volume of Kroeber's forms a representative trilogy of the mature years of his creative life work in the study of human culture.

RAPHAEL PATAI

*Man: His First Million Years*, by Ashley Montagu. World Publishing Company. 249 pp. \$3.75.

This book appears to have several purposes. It presents adequately enough a general survey of Anthropology. This includes descriptions of man's biological heritage, his position in the animal kingdom, and the different groupings of man within the human family. A very up-to-date section dealing with recent discoveries of fossil man and with the radio-carbon method of dating such discoveries is of special value. Dr. Montagu provides a reasonable and flexible classification of man according to *Ethnic Groups*. This classification both supplants and en-

compasses the more familiar racial divisions. It will be useful in clarifying inter-relationships among the peoples of the world today.

Other sections of the book deal with man's culture. We learn something of the Pueblo Indians, the Eskimos, the Samoans, the Australian Aborigines, and others, and how their cultures differ—and are similar—in patterns of religion, marriage, kinship, property rights, government, language, and the practical arts of survival applied to food, shelter, and clothing. Additional chapters deal with mythology and philosophy, science in primitive times, early art forms in painting, dance, music, poetry, and story-telling. There are many illustrations and a bibliography as well. From the standpoint of material content, no one can quarrel with the statement on the book-jacket that this is "... an unusually readable layman's introduction to Anthropology."

There are additional materials, however, with which many might quarrel. These are Montagu's frequent moralizing and guidance-like statements applied to mankind as a whole, to the purpose of life, and even to the reason for which man was born (p. 14). Such comments may be taken as a second purpose of this book. In the opinion of this reviewer, they are based upon a wholly unwarranted assumption. Dr. Montagu says, "I think one can and should study man in order to learn what he is so that we may the better be able to make him what he should be."

Even if it be assumed that we might some day achieve the wisdom of knowing what man is, it does not follow that we shall have simultaneously learned what he should be—or that we will ever achieve this latter knowledge. The means whereby we would accomplish our yet-to-be defined goal is certainly not available in this age. Further, if we have hit upon the right path, will it lead us to the "answer for all times"? There are some among us, of course, who feel this answer is already known.

Like Dr. Montagu, this reviewer believes that making value judgments is a legitimate, even desirable intellectual process. We make them every day for survival purposes, for if all the facts were known, we would not need to speculate. In this book, however, we do not feel that Dr. Montagu has always clearly

separated fact from speculation; and many of his value judgments are not shared by this reviewer.

MAXINE W. GORDON

---

*The Midnight Convoy (Ha-Shayarah Be-Hatzot)*, by S. Yizhar (Yizar-Smilansky). Hakibbutz Ha-Meohadd, Publishers. 276 pp. 4 Israeli pounds.

One of the better-known Hebrew writers, S. Yizhar, tackles again his favorite subject: infinity of time and moral implications of war and struggle in this little book which shines like an unpolished gem among the works of this forty-year-old author.

Its central theme deals with an Israeli convoy which has to break through to besieged Negev settlements during the grim days of the 1948 War of Independence. But *The Midnight Convoy* is not a war novel pure and simple. Its opening chapters are reminiscent of Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, but the subsequent plot and its central characters are too involved for a straight Remarque or Hemingway-type of philosophy of war-life-death. In fact, Yizhar's approach is best described as an existentialist philosophy of war. The book also could gain a lot by a straightforward, clear, English translation, for its original Hebrew prose is too flowery and removed from everyday Hebrew for popular reading.

What is life and what is death? What is war and what is peace? What is love and what is hate? What is courage and what is cowardice? The heroes of Yizhar's *Midnight Convoy* attempt to answer all these questions, and, at least partially, succeed. Yizhar's philosophy seems to be that there is no clear-cut dividing line between life and death, love and hate, etc. Every coward is also a hero under certain conditions, and every hero is also cowardly under certain conditions. In every hate, there are germs of love and vice versa; and, of course, there is no question that life and death can sometimes be synonymous.

As the convoy battles its way through Arab road-blocks, ambushes, and enfilades, the author dissects each central character, taking the reader into the innermost corners of each hero's mind by a series of flash-backs and revealing passages. The action itself is gloriously heroic, as it used to be in reality,

but the author, instead of stressing the main combat plot, underlines the various motivations of the soldiers.

In spite of its obvious shortcomings, such as the deeply philosophical implications, the flowery language, and lengthy discourse on what seem to be side issues, interesting though they are, *The Midnight Convoy* is worth reading for the insight it gives into the minds and hearts of the Israeli combat soldier, and for showing what makes him fight, love, and live.

LEO HEIMAN

---

*A Treasury of Jewish Poetry*, edited by Nathan and Marynn Ausubel. Crown Publishers. 471 pp. \$5.95.

There are many things that are commendable about this anthology of Jewish poetry. In the first place, the undertaking itself was a noble one, a much-needed one, and one beset with many pitfalls, most of which have been avoided. Second, rejecting the other possible approaches, the Ausubels have made their selections on the principle that "Jewish poetry consists of all poetry created by Jews." This gives the collection the benefit of representing all aspects of the life and thought of Jewish poets rather than limiting it to a few narrowly defined themes. Also, a loose construction has been given to the definition of Jew, so that they have included poems by Heinrich Heine, Sarmèd the Yahud, Fray Lúis de León, Rainer Maria Rilke, and others who are usually identified as belonging to other cultures and representing other traditions. Moreover, a splendid effort has been made to collect pieces in translation from all the languages in which Jews have written poetry. Finally, and perhaps most admirable, there is a fifty-eight page introduction on the history and nature of Jewish poetry. It is a fine essay, demonstrating the universality of the subject-matter and concluding that our culture, just as culture in general, is, in fact, universal.

It is usually the part of the reviewer to cavil at the selections in a chrestomathy. Unfortunately this will be no exception. There is, however, a more serious difficulty which must be mentioned first, and that is the arrangement of the material. Although the Ausubels rejected a thematic orientation

in choosing poets and poems, they have resorted to that very method in organizing their *Treasury*. This almost has the effect of defeating their purpose of demonstrating universality. There are four main divisions, "The Spirit of Man," "The Jew in the World," "God," and "The Mind of the Jew"; then there are subdivisions such as "Sorrow — Unhappiness," "Sorrow — Bitterness and Despair," "Sorrow — Lamentations," etc. Each individual section is ordered in reverse chronology, almost all ending with biblical selections. Now it will be seen that much of this pigeon-holing is arbitrary and overlapping, and there is the further difficulty of having the works of individual poets spread throughout the book. At least two happier arrangements suggest themselves: a strict chronological one (following the design of the introduction), and a geographical or linguistic division, with each section in chronological order. As it is, if one wishes to see the work of a certain poet, he must refer to the capsule biographies in the back and check the cross-references to different parts of the volume.

There will be no quibbling here concerning matters of individual taste, such as why is such-and-such a poem by Judah Halevi not included when such-and-such is. What might be objected to is the great number of pieces in translation from Medieval and Renaissance poets and the comparatively few of modern or contemporary poets writing in English. A scrupulous sampling of the older poets, second-hand as it must be, would seem to have been enough, whereas one misses several of the lucid twentieth-century, English-speaking Jewish voices. Finally, one wonders at the generous sprinkling of biblical selections. To be sure, they represent Jewish poetry, and fine poetry at that, but the point appears to be labored. It might have been pointed out that there is a great deal of excellent Jewish poetry in the Old Testament, but that space might better have been filled by examples of poets whose works would not otherwise be on our shelves.

Nevertheless, *A Treasury of Jewish Poetry* remains an impressive volume. Although perhaps not a very handy book for the library, it is a handsome one for the bed-table.

NEIL D. ISAACS



*Russia Since 1917*, by Frederick L. Schuman. Alfred A. Knopf. 508 pp. \$6.50.

It is now more than a decade since F. L. Schuman, Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government at Williams College, published his first major volume on Soviet affairs. In 1946 he wrote a largely sympathetic account of a nation he believed was engaged in a gigantic creative effort. At the same time he also believed that criticism of the Soviet Union was generally suspect since it emanated from such diverse Bolshevik haters as Winston Churchill, Josef Goebbels, and the denizens of Wall Street. And he echoed a widely-shared sentiment that London, Paris, and Washington were threatening the good works of J. V. Stalin by encouraging Hitler.

That was in 1946, but since then a good many have changed their minds. Professor Schuman's day of reckoning arrived in early February, 1956, when Nikita Khrushchev indicted Stalin before the Twentieth Party Congress. For Professor Schuman this was apparently authoritative evidence that the Soviet Union, at home if not abroad, had been guilty of something more than indiscretion. Accordingly, then, he set about the task of radically revising his earlier work; and as readers we are fortunate because of his provocative opinions, his ability to write with grace and feeling, and because *Russia Since 1917*, the new version, indicates the changes of heart and mind that he and others have undergone.

Consider several illustrations. No longer does he believe that the Katyn murders were a Goebbels plot nor that Trotsky was guilty—he had written earlier that Trotsky's counter-charges and denials did not "lend credibility to the hypothesis of a 'frame-up' based on false confessions." Rectified, it now reads: "No trustworthy evidence [against Trotsky and the other defendants], other than confessions, [was] offered. Purported clandestine meetings of conspirators abroad turned out to be in hotels that did not exist. . . ." The Professor also agrees now that Stalin can best be characterized as a blend of "barbarian kings, Oriental despots and Byzantine Autocrats."

With this in mind there are still a number of statements of fact and judgments in *Russia Since 1917* that can be questioned.

For example, is it true that during the recent insurrection in Hungary—late October, 1956, according to the author—there was "indiscriminate killing" of Jews? And did the Kadar Government "acquiesce in the flight of 175,000 refugees" to non-Communist Europe? Insofar as the Far East is concerned, Professor Schuman flies in the face of known documentation when he portrays Moscow as primarily a passive bystander during the Korean conflict.

Finally, in an enlightening footnote—in another he finally concedes that forced labor really does exist—he doubts the "evidence" in many of the Canadian and American "spy-trials" of the "Cold War" by citing as a "detailed and disturbing analysis" the highly dubious Atom Spy Hoax by William A. Reuben—a strange choice and an only one for a distinguished political scientist. He then compounds this confusion by suggesting that Soviet espionage is simply a manifestation of the McCarthyite years. One sometimes wonders if *Russia Since 1917* would have ever appeared had Khrushchev not mounted the speaker's rostrum back in 1956.

MURRAY POLNER

#### LETTER ON HAPPINESS

. . . Let no one delay to study philosophy while he is young, and when he is old let him not become weary of the study; for no man can ever find the time unsuitable or too late to study the health of his soul. And he who asserts either that it is not yet time to philosophize, or that the hour is passed, is like a man who should say that the time is not yet come to be happy, or that it is too late. So that both young and old should study philosophy, the one in order that, when he is old, he may be young in good things through the pleasing recollection of the past, and the other in order that he may be at the same time both young and old, in consequence of his absence of fear for the future.

EPICURUS (341 B.C.)

*The Copper Scrolls*, by Nathaniel N. Weinreb. Putnam. 320 pp. \$3.95.

The contentious disputation (amounting almost to acrimonious tumult) occasioned by the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls has had its repercussions in a number of directions: in religious dialectics, ethnological conjectures, semantics and interpretation, and, in a broader sense, cultural history. Now the impact has spread to a purely literary area. Mr. Weinreb, who has to his account several novels, plays, and shorter pieces, has appraised the "news" value of the Scrolls, but he has attempted to make something more permanent than a seven days' wonder out of the story. He has built up a fictionalized tale, conditioned by historical values and appropriate regional and demographic effects, in order to perpetuate the forgotten community of Qumran, the virtual protagonist of the drama.

In a kind of pictorial and figurative triptych, partitioned into three phases moving through the first century of the Christian era, the locale starts with Antioch (Syrian capital of a Roman province) notorious, even then, for its sophistications, its luxury, and its vices. Here Kandane, aged twenty-five, and of unknown parentage, works as a slave apprentice to the coppersmith Corbo. Kandane is the operative protagonist whose strange mission, unsure personal life, and erotic encounters make the woof and warp of the thematic sequences.

From the moment when two petty thieves, Aristo and Buffanus, on the point of attacking a stranger, come into view, the tempo becomes brisk, taut. Kandane, coming to the stranger's rescue, discovers that he is Avram ben Joachim ben Saul ben Gideon, priest of the community of Qumran, near Jericho, in Judaea. Qumran is the home of a secluded Brotherhood devoted to prayer and study. Kandane is saddled with a mission, along with his master, to undertake a secret task among the Brethren. The task involves copying, on copper, mysterious scrolls that describe a vast treasure. The temptation arises in Kandane to steal the scrolls, but the dilemma is weighed and other forces intrude. Kandane has developed a passion for the wanton niece of Galba, Roman ex-senator. Now he falls in love with Lia, a Chris-

tian girl of the Qumranites, and his destiny becomes linked with theirs.

That is the essence: love and mystery, an evocation of the Qumranites, and the provocative scrolls, inscribed on leather and copper, that, after long centuries, have injected new questions into this jaded age. The author has interwoven atmospheric tones and imaginative episodes with a sufficiency of historical authenticity to create an appealing achievement. Coarse violence, erotic rituals, spirituality, and embattled assaults are the motifs. The characters (both primary and secondary)—Marvic of Antioch, Eliahu the Maskil, Josephus, the renegade historian—are distinctive and alive. The conflict against the Zealots, the rivalry of religious clans in Palestine, the thunderous domination of Rome, the orgies and mystic cults that flourish in the Groves of Daphne—all these elements are offset by the moving depiction of the Qumranites. A crowning point is the dramatic revelation of Kandane's parentage and ethnic identity.

There is, of course, an apologue, transmitting its message through the scrolls. It is that wisdom is stronger than force. That the spirit is stronger than the flesh. That to the One God all men are brothers alike. That all faith is one faith, and that the greatest heritage of all is peace.

HARRY E. WEDECK

**BUY  
U. S.  
SAVINGS  
BONDS**

